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A photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sun is a bright, glowing orb in the upper center, partially obscured by a layer of clouds. Its light reflects on the water's surface, creating a shimmering path. The sky transitions from a deep orange near the horizon to a dark, almost black, at the top. The water is dark, with the reflection of the sun being the primary light source on its surface.

ONTARIO

# ONTARIO

The place, the people and the potential

Canada's most prosperous, most populous province, Ontario, is so huge and diverse that even Ontarians don't know it well. As one famous Canadian writer put it, "As an exiled son, I always find Ontario baffling." As for those outside Canada's borders, they know Niagara Falls, of course, but do they know that the more spectacular part of the falls lies in Ontario?

This book clears up much of the intriguing mystery of the province. It is a fresh and affectionate look at Ontario. Its 160 pages contain 180 photographs, most of them in full color, and 17 articles, commissioned for this collection, by some of Canada's most celebrated writers.

Robert Thomas Allen evokes the special place that Niagara holds in Ontario hearts. Morley Callaghan describes the new changes among the people of the Ontario he knows and loves. Scott Young relives the Ontario boy's passion for hockey. Joan Hollobon tells about Toronto's world-renowned Hospital for Sick Children, where care for young patients takes on a special humanity. Financial

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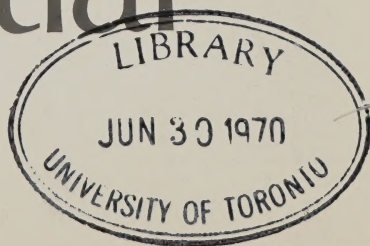
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# The place, the people and the potential







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Opposite: The Trillium Grandiflorum, a graceful and lovely wildflower, is the official floral emblem of the Province of Ontario

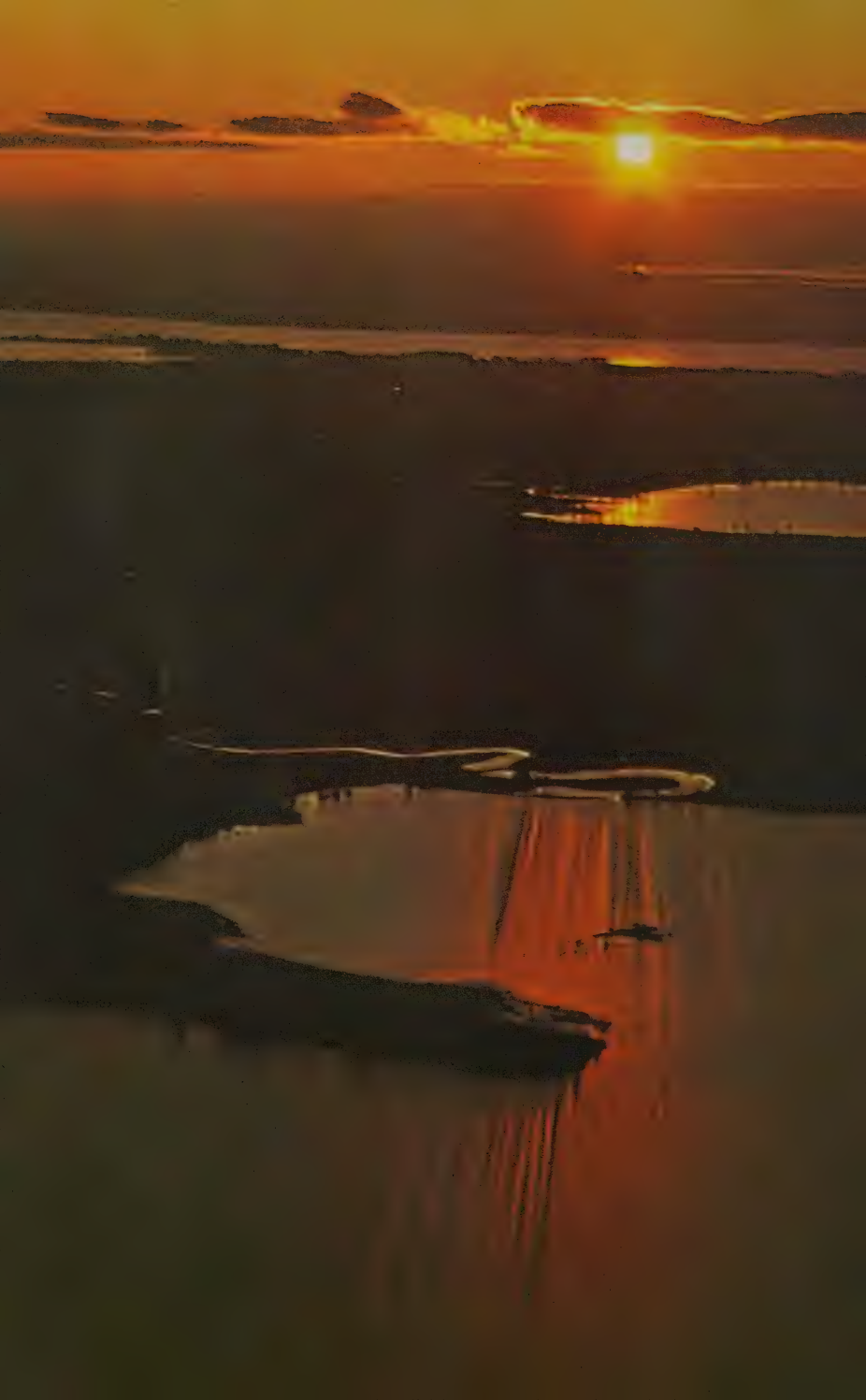


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# The place







# A Place to Grow

That's Ontario—huge, rich and mysterious

*Frank Moritsugu*

To explain Ontario to a newcomer or a visitor isn't easy. Even for the native or the long-time resident, the province is too varied, too immense to describe or even comprehend. Bruce Hutchison, the veteran Canadian journalist who has written so evocatively and incisively about his country, its regions and its peoples, once admitted, "As an exiled native son, I always find Ontario baffling. It is the richest, the best known and the most mysterious region in all Canada."

The puzzle of Ontario may begin with its hugeness. Its area is 412,582 square miles; stretching a thousand miles east to west and a thousand miles north to south. That is to say, Ontario's size is almost equal to that of France, Germany and Italy combined, or about twice that of Texas, or nearly three times that of Japan.

Ontario has more people than any of Canada's other nine provinces: more than 7,300,000 now, and 11 million predicted by 1990. But most of the people live in a narrow ribbon of land in the fertile productive south, clustered on the shores of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. Many Ontarians know that their province's southernmost tip—Point Pelee at the end of a thin peninsula thrusting into Lake Erie is further south than Boston and of the same latitude as part of northern California. And, of course, they know that Ontario has four of the five Great Lakes as parts of its southern border—excepting only Lake Michigan. But few Ontarians know much about the vast northern part of the province which begins only a few hundred miles from Toronto and



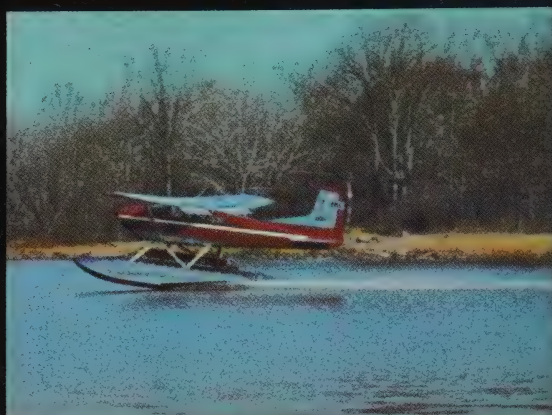
ends on the shores of Hudson Bay and James Bay. And very few realize that their province which grows tobacco, wine grapes and succulent peaches in the south, also provides Polar Bear Park in the north at the meeting point of the two large bays, an immense provincial sanctuary for the handsome snowy monarch of the Arctic wastes after which the preserve is named.

But the variety of its geography isn't all that makes Ontario baffling. The province is in constant flux, and change has never come so quickly and in so many ways as during the 1960s.

One immediately discernible example is the makeup of Ontario's people. Although the great French explorer of Canada, Samuel de Champlain, was the first European to travel into what is now Ontario during the early 17th century, the first large settlements were made by pioneers of British origin, most of them refugees from the American revolutionary wars of a century later. And Ontario remains the leader of English Canada today, being largest and most populous of the English-speaking provinces.

But the immigrations after World War II have changed the balance drastically. Although those of British origin make up 60 percent of the population, other races and other tongues also are Ontario. One in four residents of Ontario is foreign-born. The province is the new home for thousands of Italians, Germans, Maltese, Czechs and Hungarians. Ontario has the most French-Canadians outside the province of Quebec, and the most people of Japanese origin in Canada.

To the ever-increasing breed of new Ontarians, perhaps the most significant landmark of the province is Niagara Falls—the sightseeing magnet for immigrants and visitors from the world over. Like the rest of the St. Lawrence River waterway bordering Ontario, the falls are divided into two by the boundary between Canada and the United States. The American falls are in the state of New York, while the more spectacular Canadian falls—







also called the Horseshoe Falls—are on the Ontario side.

But the magnificence of Niagara is more than a tourist wonder. Nearby can be seen generating plants, the natural concomitant to such an awesome concentration of water energy. And hydroelectric power is fundamental to Ontario's success story.

Ontario boasts the highest standard of living in Canada, because it leads the rest of the country in industry and manufacturing. The gross provincial product is more than \$29 billion. The province has one-half the world's supply of nickel. And the largest supply of uranium in the western world. It also has platinum, cobalt, copper, gold, silver, zinc and other minerals. Ontario is where Canada's automobile industry is based. And where rich soil brings forth the highest total agricultural production in Canada.

Hydroelectric power development and the ready access to waterways had much to do with this economic success. The province set up an official commission in 1906 to establish public ownership of hydro power and to manage its development. Now all the major rivers—Niagara, St. Lawrence and Ottawa—have been developed. Current hydro capacity is 11.3 million kilowatts.

But this output won't be enough for long. The province's economists forecast a need for nearly 24 million kilowatts during the next 15 years. To fill that future gap, nuclear power is being harnessed. Using its own uranium, which is also sold abroad, Ontario is developing nuclear stations—two now operating, another scheduled for completion in 1971, and still another station being built to combine with one existing at Douglas Point. By 1978, it is expected Ontario's nuclear generating capacity will be 7.5 million kilowatts.

People from outside the country aren't the only ones who find Ontario an irresistible target. The bright and ambitious from other parts of Canada also come to Ontario, and mainly to Toronto, the provincial capital and the largest English-speaking

city in the country, with more than 2,000,000 people.

Toronto is skyscraping steel-and-glass towers, an architectural marvel of a new city hall, avant-garde boutiques, brassy bars, and the latest fads in clothes, music, art and theatre. Toronto is the centre of English-Canadian culture—purveyed across the nation by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's television and radio networks headquartered in the city, by the national magazines, and the country's three largest and most fiercely competitive newspapers.

Toronto, too, is where Ontario's business life is focused. The stock exchange is second only to that of New York for volume of activity. Toronto also dominates that prosperous urban sprawl of industry called Ontario's "Golden Horseshoe" which begins at Oshawa in the east, and rambles through the tough steel town of Hamilton down to the Niagara peninsula in the west.

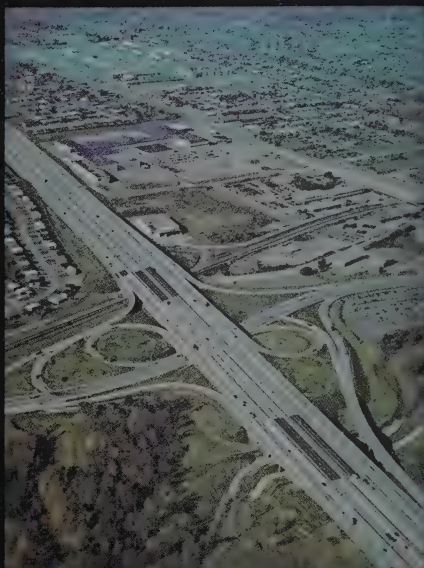
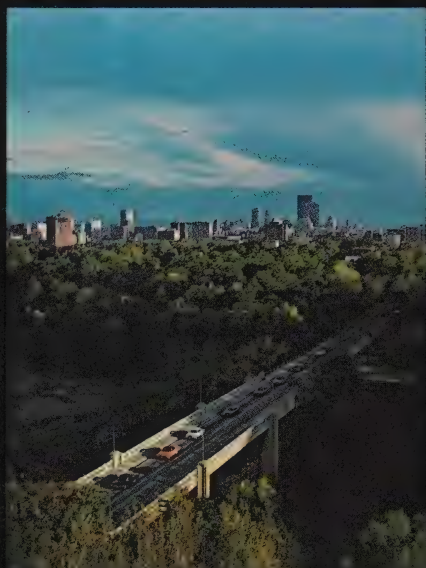
Toronto is the Royal Ontario Museum, with its world-famous collection of antique Chinese art. It is where Sir Frederick Banting discovered insulin, with his colleague Dr. Charles Best. Other Torontonians whose names are international include Marshall McLuhan, the guru of communications; Lester B. Pearson, former Canadian prime minister and Nobel Peace Prize winner; Glenn Gould, pianist; Lorne Greene, actor and Pa Cartwright in the television series, "Bonanza"; Wayne and Shuster, TV and radio comedians; and Melissa Hayden, ballerina.

But Ontario is much more than just Toronto, despite what many Torontonians seem to think.

Other clues to the riddle of the province may be:

Ontario is also proud, handsome namesake cities like London and Paris. And hard-rock mining centres like Timmins, Elliot Lake and Sudbury. Ontario is the world-renowned Stratford Shakespearean Festival. Ontario is places with Indian names—musical, virile, cryptic: Manitoulin, Wabagishik, Nipigon,







Missinaibi, Moosonee, Wawa among hundreds of others including Ottawa and Toronto and the province's own name. And Ontario is French names—Sault Ste. Marie, Port au Baril, Lac Ste. Therese, Chapleau and Longlac being a few. And Ontario is the family cottage on the lake in the Muskokas, the Kawarthas, and on Georgian Bay with power boats and water-skiers churning up the waves.

Ontario is also the Lakehead, the fount of the gigantic St. Lawrence River waterway which floats cargoes of grain and other western products through the inland seas of the Great Lakes, bypasses land obstacles with cunning canals and channels on the way down river to the Atlantic. The engineering miracle of the St. Lawrence Seaway has made Toronto an international port. Foreign vessels and flags in the harbor have become so normal, weekend visitors don't throng to the vantage points by the docks and piers the way they used to.

Ontario is also bleak, barren dog-sled country, vast stretches of sub-Arctic rock sprinkled with thousands of lakes. It is land which only bush pilots can reach with their passenger loads of fishermen, hunters, prospectors, engineers or missionaries. And Ontario is Algonquin Park, a monster tract of preserved wilderness, over 3,000 square miles, for those who flee the cities seeking the sight of deer and the sound of a loon's cry.

Ontario is also a kaleidoscope of climate. The north is harsh with a long season of sub-zero winter. The south is much milder, with a whisper of soft spring, a pleasant summer punctuated with occasional humid spells. Autumn in Ontario is the remarkable season—several weeks of glorious foliage in masses of reds, yellows and browns to make the heart swell. Then winter takes a good hold, even in the south, but the Ontarian goes out to meet it—on skates, on skis, on snowmobiles. When the ice comes, hockey takes over for the boy on the neighborhood rink, for the man it is



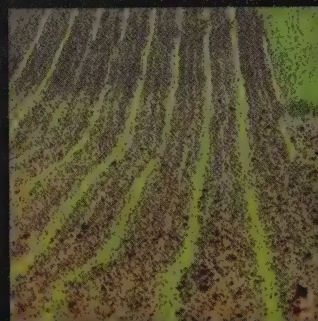
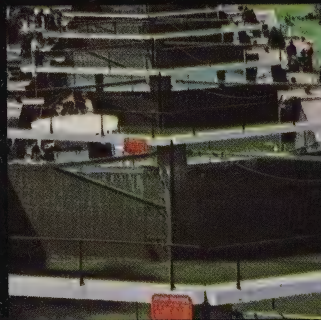
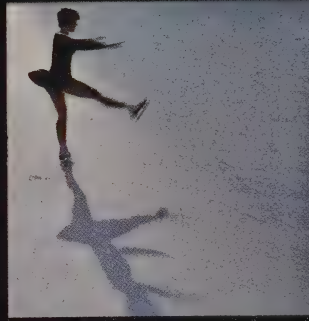
the professional games featuring the world's best players in the big-city arenas and on television.

Ontario is the late humorist Stephen Leacock. And novelist Mazo de la Roche who wrote the *Jalna* saga. And Morley Callaghan, hale and hearty still, the short-story writer supreme who was a friend and contemporary of Hemingway and Fitzgerald. And Ontario, too, is the young militant poet publishing his works through an underground press, and Canada's best observers of popular culture—be it the topless waitress, the evolution of music for the young or the changing hair style of middle-aged males.

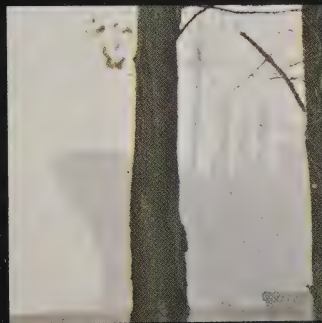
And Ontario is a pace-setter in education. "Living and Learning," the report of the provincial committee on aims and objectives of education in Ontario schools, became a best-seller after it was issued in 1968. Among its details are the new ways of teaching children which already exist in the province's more advanced schools. Educators from other countries, including the United States, pay special attention to Ontario's experiments, just as political scientists and civic executives come to Toronto to study its unique system of metropolitan government.

All these bits and pieces belong to the complicated puzzle that is Ontario. Perhaps the only ones who can fathom it are the young. The youthful Ontarian dances to a different drummer, and he accepts the fact that expansive change is constant in his province. He is not surprised, although his parents may be, that prosperous and once-staid Ontario is now acquiring a livelier, go-getting personality. That is what he sees about him, and the grand plans and dreams that are announced regularly for Ontario's future seem possible to his wider, less inhibited horizons.

But meanwhile, to millions of Ontarians, old and new, this baffling and mysterious province is the only place to be, the only place to build on. Come join us, they say to the newcomer, come let us search out the answers about Ontario together.















# "Nobody Goes to Niagara!"

Except 15 million awed visitors each year

*Robert Thomas Allen*

The people of Ontario tend to treat a trip to Niagara Falls as a kind of family joke, symbolic of the shortest trip you can take and still be away from home. But secretly they are fascinated by the Falls and would rather look at them than at great art.

I, for one, have gazed at cathedrals and classic ruins without experiencing anything but a slight panic at forgetting, say, whether Agamemnon was a battle or somebody's father, but I've never been in the line-up for the *Maid of the Mist* without having to fight back the urge to shove a couple of kids out of the line so I can get there first and put on one of those black rubber raincoats and get right up near the sharp end so that when the ship starts bucking its way toward The Thing up ahead—that gray, impenetrable, terrifying turmoil that sends out warning gales not to get too close—and the passengers are shouting and laughing hysterically into one another's hoods, I can get the full, delightful feeling of being somewhere where God didn't intend me to be.

Oddly, natives of Ontario are very self-conscious about enjoying the Falls and imply that the only time they go there is when they cross the international border at the Rainbow Bridge. "You're at Niagara Falls!" a young woman editor said to me recently at the other end of a long-distance call. "Nobody goes to Niagara Falls!"

She gave a hoot of mirth as I looked out at a crowd of about 27,000 sightseers (the day's quota of the 15 million people who visit Niagara Falls annually) which at that moment included five amateur photographers shouting things like "Just walk slowly





toward me!"; a surrey-load of tourists being pulled by a horse with a straw hat on; and a father who called out, as a woman lurched with alarm toward her son, "Let him fall over if he wants to!" evidently fed up with eight-year-old boys who want to get a closer look at the Falls.

I could hardly get through the crowd around the phone booth. When I did I got talking to a man from Australia who had come 10,000 miles to see, among other things, Niagara Falls. "I've read about it in *National Geographic*, of course," he said with a tone of faint disbelief, watching the overflow from the world's biggest lakes drop into a rock canyon with a magnificent earth-shaking roar.

One reason that people of Ontario pretend Niagara Falls scarcely exists is that trips to Niagara Falls were part of their childhood, which makes it less a location than a memory of mist, mown grass, oxygen, water, wet rocks, marigolds, mustard and magic. We used to pack a picnic lunch of cucumber sandwiches and lemonade before dawn on a summer morning, and cross the sunny, sparkling lake by ferry, then board an open-sided radial car that followed the old gorge route like a mountain goat.

Later, as youths, we took cruises to Niagara on the old lake ferry, the *Cayuga*, when the deck would be dotted with dark figures bundling in the moonlight beneath a shower of soot from the ship's stacks, as you stood by the rail pretending not to notice them, peering into the night with narrowed eyes as if you saw a submarine and eating a hot dog and pretending that was what you really wanted to do. There was no lonelier feeling than not having a girl on the old *Cayuga*. It was the most erotic ship afloat and made soft panting sounds as it crossed the lake. For thousands of people of Ontario, the fragrance of romance will always be the smell of soft coal gas from the *Cayuga* stacks. I thought I got a faint whiff of it at Niagara Falls the other day when a young college girl working on top of Seagram Tower read my hand-





writing, handed me a card saying that I was trustworthy, neat and ambitious and gave me a smile that nearly made me try to leap right across the generation gap. I was still dreaming of the days of my youth on the bus that night as I rode home beside an old gent who was dozing over a bag of Whirlpool Rapids fudge and smiling as if he were dreaming about the old *Cayuga* himself.

Niagara Falls has been part of the story of the North America almost since the discovery of the continent. The Indians told Cartier about them, but the first full eyewitness account was given by the Franciscan friar Father Hennepin in 1678, of whom the historian Francis Parkman wrote: "He often told the truth." Hennepin raised the height of the Falls from 500 to 600 feet between two editions of his book (they're about 180 feet high). A young French artilleryman and fur trader named Bonnefons was the first to report going into the cave behind the Falls, a trip that is made today by an elevator that drops down through the rocks in a silence broken only by the snap of chewing gum.

In 1795, the government of Upper Canada refused to spend \$30 to clear a path to the Falls, convinced that nobody wanted to see them but small boys. But by 1870 so many adults wanted to see the Falls that the area had become one of the world's biggest carnivals and hangouts for hustlers.

A woman named Maria Spelterina walked across the Falls on a cable with her feet in two peach baskets. A French acrobat known as The Great Blondin, walked across on a bicycle, then took a stove out there and cooked dinner, and finally carried his manager across on his back. Years later, the manager was still talking of being perched out over the rapids on Blondin's back, and receiving one of the most hair-raising orders in history, when Blondin, dead tired, told him: "You'll have to get off." Three times the manager had to slide his feet down onto the ropes and give Blondin a rest.

In 1901, Mrs. Anna Taylor, a one-time singing and dancing instructress from Bay City, Michigan, went over the Falls in a barrel. There's a replica of her in the Niagara Falls museum, a gruesome stage-lit pink-faced wax figure of a women in a smudged blouse floating in a sea of glass against a funereal backdrop beside a sign headed "GOOD GOD! SHE'S ALIVE!" Mrs. Taylor had tried at the last minute to call the stunt off but her attendants cut her loose and she went over whether she wanted to or not.

In 1911, a pilot named Lincoln Beachy flew a Curtiss biplane under the upper steel arch bridge and got a prize for being the first man to fly under something, and other people started to go over the Falls in a variety of contraptions.

The last one to go over did so by accident and in spectacular fashion when Roger Woodward, seven years old, who had been thrown into the upper river by a boating accident, went over the Falls in a life jacket and was fished out alive and reasonably well by Captain Keech of the *Maid of the Mist*.

Fortunately, the stunts have stopped at Niagara, and there is just enough of the old carnival to provide some fun—a waxwork museum, a couple of places where you can be photographed going over the Falls in a barrel holding a sign *Goodbye, Cruel World!* a wonderful old catchall of a museum exhibiting everything from stuffed woodcocks to "the oldest and best preserved Egyptian mummy in existence." One of the most popular pastimes now is going up on top of sightseeing towers. At the newest one, the Skylon, you can sit in a revolving restaurant 500 feet above the ground drinking martinis and going around in a complete circle every hour and wondering if you'll bother coming down again.

But perhaps the most fun is trying to identify the people from Ontario, who wouldn't miss spending at least one day at the Falls every year, but will go home somehow strangely convinced that *nobody* ever goes there.

# The New Architecture

Today's buildings are designed to grow

*Paul Russell*

Ontario's early architectural style was dominated by two basic qualities—a determined solidity and a careful sheltering from the occasional rudenesses of a climate which bestows a long, rough winter on even the southern regions. The original vernacular was a modified 19th-century Georgian, a building tradition brought from the American colonies by Loyalists after the revolutionary war. A typical example a century ago, in what was then called Upper Canada, was the square-planned farmhouse sturdily constructed of stone and brick, with neo-classic grills to decorate the Georgian plain-ness, and a hint of Victorian Gothic in a brave little peaked gable over a pointed window in the front facade. This classic Ontario vernacular can still be seen in isolated dwellings scattered on hills and in farm valleys throughout the province.

The Ontario vernacular of the contemporary era is much more complex, embracing as it does the different demands of a more sophisticated age. It is an architecture of glass-linked concrete sections—open to the landscape, yet protected from its harsher conditions. The multi-purpose public buildings shown on the following pages demonstrate this dramatic change in architectural philosophy, from the individualistic self-contained structure of the past to the cellular integration of today. Solidity and shelter are still basic, but a wondrous flexibility has been added.

Most of these buildings can be described as “megastructures,” and are characterized by a strong, horizontal stress, close integration with the surrounding landscape, complex interplay of spaces, outside and inside, and rough shapes of concrete.





These qualities can be immediately seen in the university buildings at Scarborough and Peterborough and the unique Centennial Centre for Science and Technology at Don Mills. And belonging to this new vernacular, too, is Toronto's internationally famous city hall. The huge square that sets back the two curved towers, the underground facilities and the striking appearance have sparked downtown development along the new lines of a multi-level city. The immediate sequels have been giant multi-function centres topped with towers a few blocks to the south, with much talk of more to come.

Perhaps the most dramatic aspect of the Ontario megastructure is its incomplete nature. This is architecture as living organism, adaptable to unforeseen needs. John Andrews' Scarborough College is still in its initial stages and has almost unlimited possibilities of expansion. Raymond Moriyama's Centre of Science and Technology is designed as a core meeting area with radiating arcs of exhibition space moving out and down into the valley below.

Such flexibility of the megastructure will allow future generations to adapt their environment to new needs. This is the exciting social principle behind Ontario's new architectural vernacular—outwardly brutal but inwardly humane to enable a richer, fuller life to be experienced now and in the years to come.

### *Toronto City Hall*

Viljo Revell's "eye of the city" is the dramatic focal point of Toronto's recent wave of urban development and advancing metropolitanism. The design, chosen in international competition in 1957, owes as much to Bernini's flamboyant St. Peter's Square as to the dynamics of concrete engineering. Revell has taken four elements: a public square, podium, council chamber and office towers, and moulded them into a modern baroque monument which, in turn, gives the city a true centre.





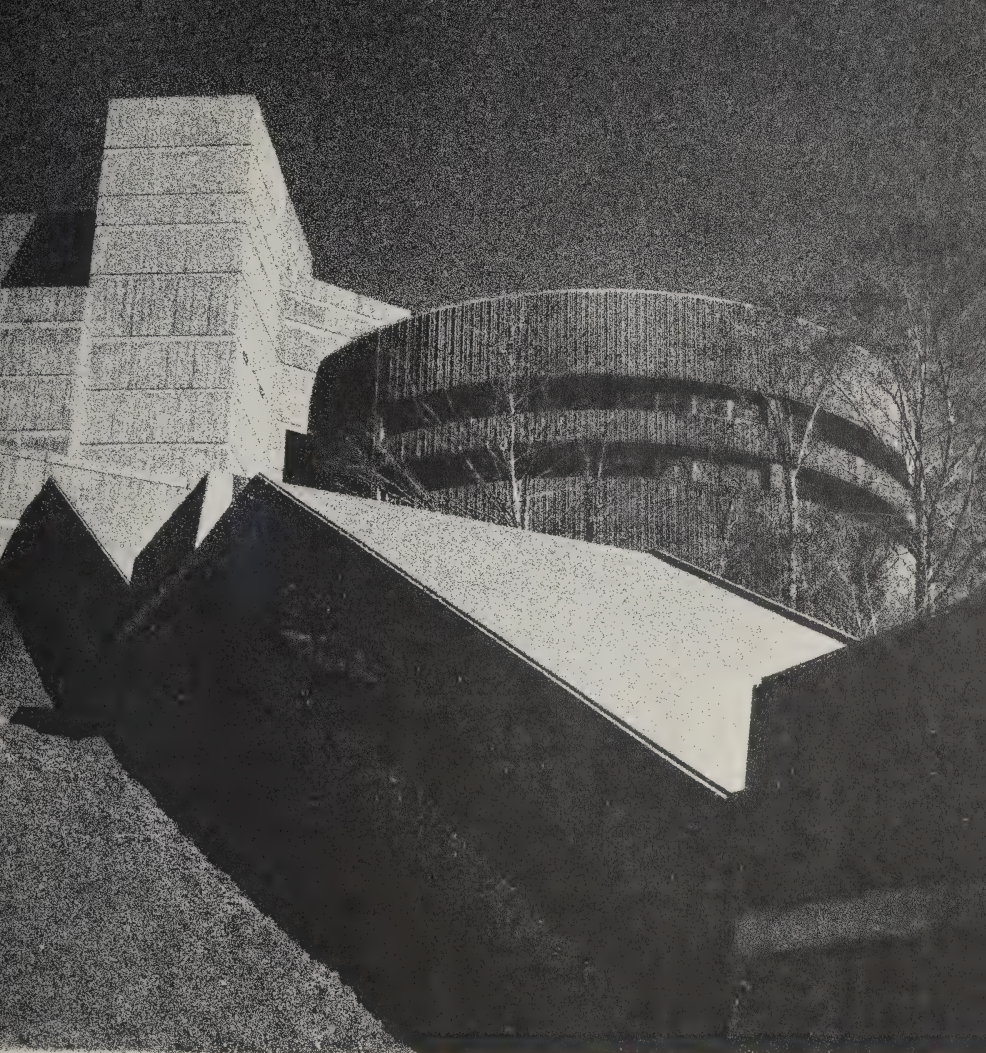




### *Champlain College*

Champlain College, designed by architect Ron Thom, is a pilot project, a test case for decisions concerning the shape of future residence colleges at Trent, one of Canada's newest universities. Its bold massing and sophisticated arrangement of work areas and flow patterns make it one of the province's handsomest new buildings. Yet it represents a traditional concept in university architecture, and would be completely in scale on the campus at Oxford or Cambridge.





### *Centennial Centre*

The Centennial Centre for Science & Technology, designed by Raymond Moriyama, occupies a site similar to that of Scarborough College. But Moriyama's solution is more elegant, less of a fortification. It is a loose association of separate buildings connected by service and pedestrian tubes which move up and down as well as sideways. The design is keyed by a sophisticated separation of traffic (including separation of school children from other visitors) and provides for expansion of facilities down into the valley.

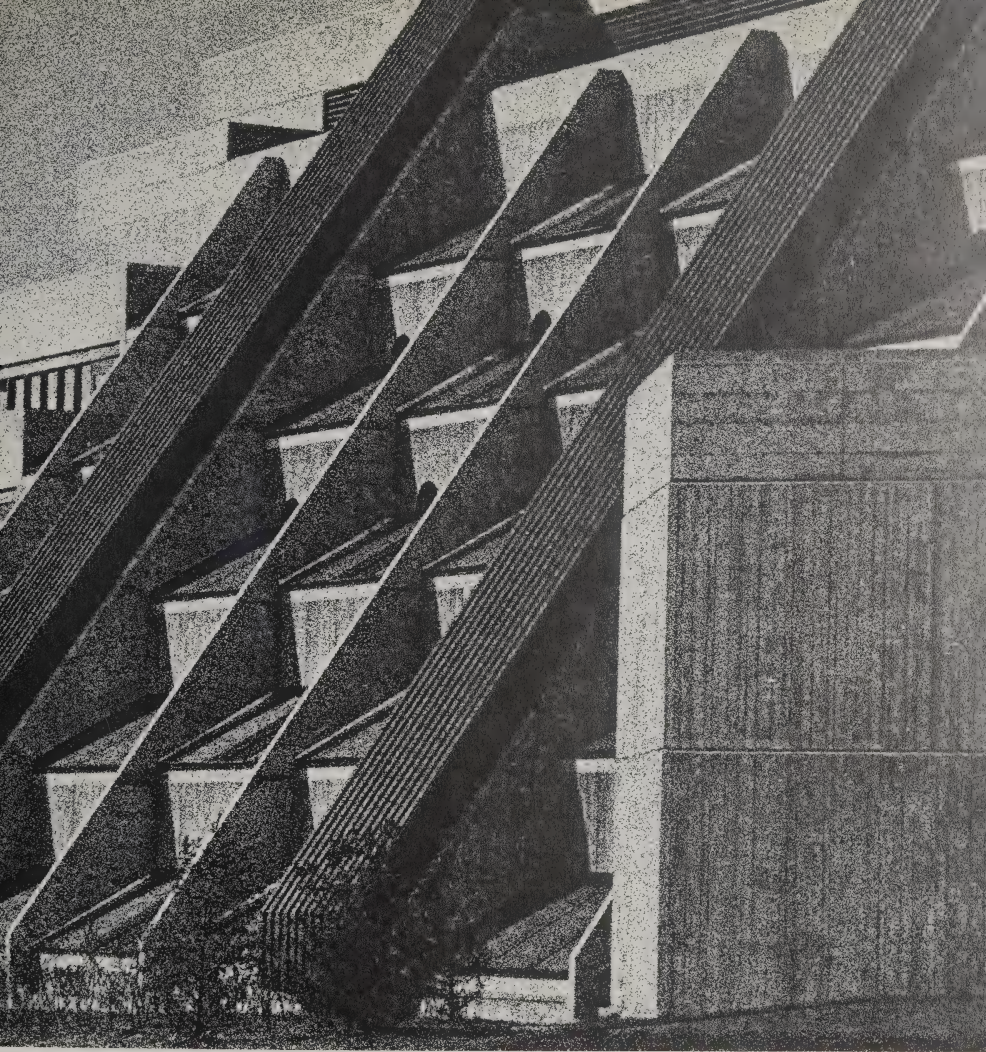




### *Brantford City Hall*

The City Hall and Magistrate's Court at Brantford are grouped asymmetrically around an open central plaza facing the town's public square. The key element in this design by Michael Kopsa is the free arrangement of independent elements to form a strongly unified complex of buildings. Solid concrete stair wells, courts and reception lobby are clearly definable from the outside, linked together by glass-panelled walls. Glass, concrete act in counter-point, defining space, then containing it.





### *Scarborough College*

John Andrews' design for this college is romantic earth architecture; it rises spontaneously from a wooded hillside in east Toronto. The vertical airducts continue the directional of growth up the hill, up the side of the building. Scarborough is built as an ever-expanding environment. New units may be "clipped on" as the need arises. It is an indoor city with "streets" which progress along the hillside, warm in winter but open to the surrounding countryside at all times through tall glass walls.

# Off to The Cottage

Escaping the city is an old tradition

*Harry Bruce*

My mother is in her 60s now and, the other day, she showed me something that went back at least 20 years and that I had forgotten ever existed. I turned it over in my hand. It was not pretty. It was a crumbling, brown half-moon of dead tree fungus and, on its underside, the side that must once have been wet and paper-white in the shadows of some small forest, I could still make out the message that a child had scratched there with a pointed stick. It said, "August 15, 1945—VJ Day." There was a picture of the old Canadian flag, and a little cannon with wheels and a puff of smoke billowing from the muzzle. And, in big, square, printed letters, there was my own name.

I had just turned 11 when I scrawled my pronouncement on the fungus. That was 25 years ago and, as I said, it is no longer pretty and, yet, it brought home all the strange peace and sweet excitement of the lake "up north" where my brothers and I spent the impossibly long summers of our childhood.

The fungus is like a big piece of cinder now. It's beyond any odor but, holding it, I could smell the hot yellow sand again; the soft, pure water where, on endless sleepy afternoons, I slowly learned to swim and to row a wooden boat; the tepid puddles where my older brother built corrals of sticks and dams to trap and breed "froggy-like creatures"; the wild raspberries and the wild blueberries of our inland picnics; and the smoke of burned marshmallows and wieners over the driftwood fires on the beach, while things stirred in the trees of night that crowded the shore.

Each year, usually early on a July morning, we would all







board a slow train in downtown Toronto and, for most of a hot, thrilling and finally tiring day, the train would trundle and halt and fumble on again until we reached the place where we'd board an even slower train. It would take us to a little lumber town where a country taxicab lifted us over some little hills and past some farmhouses and staring cattle and barking dogs and inferior lakes to *our* lake. Our lake wasn't much more than 100 miles north of Toronto but, in those days, it took us till early evening to get there (now, by car, it's under three hours away). It didn't matter. To us kids, the lake was an infinitely different and better world than the city, and the weeks ahead promised to be years.

The lake was called Sand Lake, and it still is, but perhaps the name is not important. To the tens of thousands of Ontario people who go north to find on the lakes what I found as a child, they are all just "The Lake" or "The Cottage."

Since those days, I've been visiting other people's cottages on other people's lakes for most of the summers of my adult life, and I think I can generalize about the phenomenon of The Cottage in Ontario. In the city, most of us live behind brick or concrete. The Cottage is wooden, and it replies to the wind and rain in friendly and disturbing ways. At night, mice move in The Cottage, and the lights are weak and intimate. The cooking stove used to burn wood but, no matter what the fuel may be now, pies baked in The Cottage taste better than pies baked anywhere else.

The Cottage is also a screened sunroom with mosquitoes, spiders, and stranger insects. The Cottage is a stranger's damp old books, last year's magazines, harmonicas, ukeleles, ancient sheet music, flannel pyjamas and flannel sheets, paddles, oars, fishing gear, a canoe sheathed in canvas, a leaky wooden punt, cute kitchen utensils, an axe, a buck saw, the smell of pine needles, bare feet all day and, at night, skies that are full of impossible close stars and shimmering, moving light over the northern horizon.

That happens to be my idea of The Cottage in Ontario but, I know, the details vary for everyone who's ever been in one. But, in its essentials, The Cottage is always The Cottage: a place of peculiarly good freedom. For hundreds of thousands of Ontario people it is a deeply rooted part of growing up and, for those city people who feel that they've already grown up more than enough, it is the place where they may feel young again.

There is, perhaps, one important way in which The Cottage has changed in the quarter century since I spent idyllic summers on the shores of Sand Lake, and changed for the better.

Now, The Cottage is no longer a place exclusively for brief summer interludes but, in more and more cases, it's a year-round source of weekly escapism. People have winterized their cottages, turned them into tiny lodges for winter sports and, all during the dramatic postwar improvement in the provincial highways, the number of weekend cars fleeing the cities for a retreat to the woods and lakes and rivers of Ontario has increased year by year.

Close to 2,000,000 Ontario families own cars now (and more than 340,000 families own two or more cars each) and, almost any Friday afternoon and evening of the year, it's a fair bet that tens upon thousands of them are pushing their way out of the cities towards some sort of recreation in the countryside.

Many of these cars are jammed not only with parents and their kids but with tents, sleeping bags, portable stoves, groceries, hatchets, wet-proof matches, flashlights, first-aid kits, insect repellent, suntan lotion and all the other gear that is relevant to the happiness of the many Ontario families who believe that even the most primitive cottage is too tame, and cheats nature. Camping families are perhaps the fastest-growing breed of outdoor lovers in the province. With a car, and maybe \$300 worth of equipment, a family of four or five can experience beautifully free weekends and vacations for indefinite summers into the future (and here,

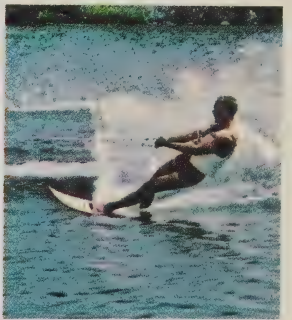
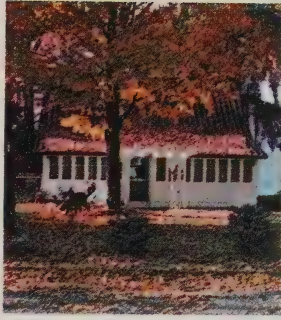
too, a few of the hardier people have started to camp in winter). In Ontario, there are 96 provincial parks, with a total of more than 8,000,000 acres; and 85 of these parks provide camping facilities.

The search occurs, too, among those who can manage to escape the cities for only a few hours at a time. At the moment, I myself find the Spirit of the Cottage in a 24-foot sailing sloop. I can take my wife and three kids aboard in Toronto Harbor and, inside a few hours, we can be way down Lake Ontario, almost out of sight of land, bound perhaps for an anchorage at a provincial park that's more tranquil and more beautiful than anything I'll ever see in the city. No one has ever figured out exactly how many pleasure boats there are in Ontario but my guess is that there's at least one for every cottage and that, together, we boat-owners number at least 100,000.

What I've called The Spirit of The Cottage also inspires tens of thousands of skiers to spread out over hundreds of slopes each winter. And it inspires the skaters in every town and city; and the people who huddle in wooden huts on frozen lakes to fish through holes in the ice; and all the sports fishermen of every angling taste; and the people whose faces turn red and almost freeze as they gleefully storm over the smaller hills of winter on the faddy new motorized toboggans; and an old man who has known all his life that the best place to sleep in the afternoon is on a well-strung hammock, under the voice of the birds and the leaves of the silver birch.

I suppose, however, that it is glib for me to suggest that The Spirit of The Cottage lies behind all the fantastic variety of outdoor activity in Ontario. It's just that the dusty fungus from the past got me thinking that way. Perhaps all one can say, after all, is that several million people find something that makes them happy in outdoor Ontario and that, whatever it is, it's so good that more and more of them go back every year to find it again.





# Here's Everytown, Canada

Orillia's a go-ahead place. You bet

*Jack Batten*

If you're a Canadian, you probably know Orillia, Ontario, even if you have never come up the 82 miles out of Toronto around the big hump in Lake Simcoe that leads you there. You probably know it anyway because it is much like 100 or 200 other small cities and towns across Canada. If you are acquainted with one of them, then you must know Orillia. It's "everytown," of course.

In the matter of age this Ontario town has a jump on most others. It was incorporated in 1867, the same year that Canada became a country, and for that reason of coincidence, Orillia has always had the feeling—though most people will not say so out loud—that its ups and downs, its adventures, its business and fun, the ways it has weathered wars and booms and depressions and acts of God, have been an example of what the whole country has gone through during the course of its first century.

Certainly in the kind of beauty Orillia can boast, it is typical of many Canadian towns. There it sits on a small slope of land running gently down to a lake with an Indian name, Couchiching, and sometimes when the warm weather begins to come on the town toward the end of April, the good feeling of the lake and the air and the view from the top of the slope turns so strong that you will find yourself pulled right down the hill on Mississaga Street, all the way down to the lake and out to the end of the concrete pier, which is one of the town's colossal structures.

Well, it is just about breathtaking to stand on that pier in the spring when the ice has gone out of the lake. And if you are a local from Orillia, whichever way you glance you are bound to





find a sight that pleases your eye or warms your memory. Over to the left, for an example, there is Couchiching Beach Park, site of regattas and Thursday-night band concerts and as neat and green and gay a spot as any town has built for its holiday fun. And towering into the sky over the park, no less than 36 feet straight up, there is the Champlain Monument, rendered on the order of the town by an artistic little Englishman named Vernon March and which is without any doubt at all the most remarkable work of sculpture north of Toronto. And it commemorates Samuel de Champlain, the French explorer, who did so much to discover Canada, because he spent the winter of 1615 camping near Orillia with the Indians who were the only ones living there at the time.

Cedar Island is the attraction you pause at on the right side of the pier. It rests in the lake entirely on rock fill and saw-dust left over from the days when Orillia was one of the busiest lumber towns in Canada. They say there were times back when a person could hardly see the water for all the timber floating in it.

And over beyond Cedar Island, set back on the shore of Brewery Bay, you catch the white of the Stephen Leacock Memorial Home. The internationally known humorist, Stephen Leacock, wrote a book about Orillia and its people many years ago called "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," only he changed the name of the town to Mariposa and Mississaga Street became Missinaba and the lake turned into Wissanotti. But it was the same place all right, and ten years ago the town bought up Stephen Leacock's old summer place on Brewery Bay as a little memory of his good works.

Then there's the North Ward, the quietest, oldest, noblest district of the town. The houses there go back 70, 80 years or more, some as far back as the day Orillia was incorporated in 1867, though you can hardly tell it by the grand way they have weathered the last century of winds whipping off the lake.



The town was a perpetual round of gaiety in the latter years of the 19th century, what with the shantymen down from the woods carrying on at the Grand Central Hotel and other emporiums of high living. Now, Orillia has not witnessed the sight of liquor drunk out in the open since the local option of 1908 when the drys won out. But in the 1890s sin flourished all up and down Mississauga in such places as Fraleigh's Hotel, the Daly House, (Jim Smith, Prop.), the American Hotel, the Grand Central and perhaps a half a dozen others the same.

In point of historical fact, those days belonged to the Golden Age of Orillia. From the time of the World Depression of 1892 was settled until the time of the Great War was started, Orillia was a thriving, busy, go-ahead place.

What, you might ask, was the first town in Ontario to start up a Canadian Club? What was the first town in the whole country to bring in Daylight Saving Time? What town looked after its factories and its ordinary citizens so splendidly that both paid the lowest electric rates of any in Canada, mostly because the town in question built its own power plant instead of waiting on the government to build one? And what town advertised for tourists in New Orleans and Memphis and, what's more, brought them up here with their Negro retainers and all?

The answer is Orillia every time.

Two trains raced up to Orillia every day back then, the Northern from Toronto and the Midland, which cut across Ontario from Port Hope and Lindsay in the east counties, and every Saturday they also ran special coaches that brought farmers and smalltown people into Orillia to stock up the week's goods.

And excursions! By 10 o'clock on any fresh calm summer morning the steamer *Enterprise*, which loomed as majestic as the *Luisitania* down at the dock, was decked in flags, steamed up and crowded to the rails for an excursion down the lake past the





Leacock House and through the Narrows into Lake Simcoe. The Oddfellows, the Presbyterian Sunday School, the Sons of Scotland—all sailed off aboard the *Enterprise*. Of course, all did not always sail back aboard the *Enterprise*. There was a time when it broke down off Big Bay Point, where Lake Simcoe runs into Kempenfeldt Bay, and everybody gathered up their hampers of cucumber and lettuce sandwiches and their flasks of rye whiskey, their trolling lines and their song sheets and returned to town by Northern railway coach.

It would be a mistake indeed to say that all the events of the Golden Years rolled along in perfect smoothness all the time. You can appreciate that. The day that Daylight Saving was introduced to town one Sunday in 1912 by Mayor Bill Frost, the father of Leslie Frost who was later a premier of Ontario, and even Mayor Frost found himself so confused as to the time of the day it was that he arrived at the Presbyterian Church service one hour late.

But Daylight Saving worked out fine in the end, as did most things, and prosperity just hummed along for years.

But then, the Depression of the 1930s showed up and rocked Orillia as badly as any town in Canada. It was one disaster after another. Then the 1939-45 war came and it was neighboring Barrie which prospered with a big soldier camp and all its business, and got the big new General Electric plant afterwards. Now when you drive up the highway from Toronto, you pass by the Barrie population sign and it reads "25,000." Orillia's reads "20,000."

Do not think the world has passed Orillia by, however, or that people in Orillia are inclined to mope. Not a bit of it. Lately events are perking the town up like it was another Golden Age. In April of 1967 the town once again voted to go wet, just like it was before 1908. The town's founders will be spinning in their graves but you need not be told what liquor will mean to the town and its tourist industry. Go-ahead town? You bet.



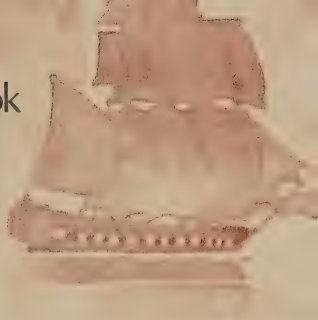
# Poetry





# The Reincarnation of Captain Cook

Earlier than I could learn  
the maps had been coloured in.  
When I pleaded, the kings told me  
nothing was left to explore.



I set out anyway, but  
everywhere I went  
there were historians, wearing  
wreaths and fake teeth  
belts; or in the deserts, cairns  
and tourists. Even the caves had  
candle stubs, inscriptions quickly  
scribbled in darkness. I could

never arrive. Always  
the names got there before.

Now I am old I know my  
mistake was my acknowledging  
of maps. The eyes raise  
tired monuments.

Burn down  
the atlases, I shout  
to the park benches; and go

past the cenotaph  
waving a blank banner  
across the street, beyond  
the corner

into a new land cleaned of geographies,  
its beach gleaming with arrows.

*Margaret Atwood*

# I Wanted to Ask You

I wanted to ask you  
what you were doing at the edge  
of this road through Algonquin Park

children feeding you

candy and soda-biscuits, elders busy  
with cameras

the three-pronged horns  
so delicately sitting  
on the tip of your head  
your eyes brown hazelnuts  
sunk in two blue seas

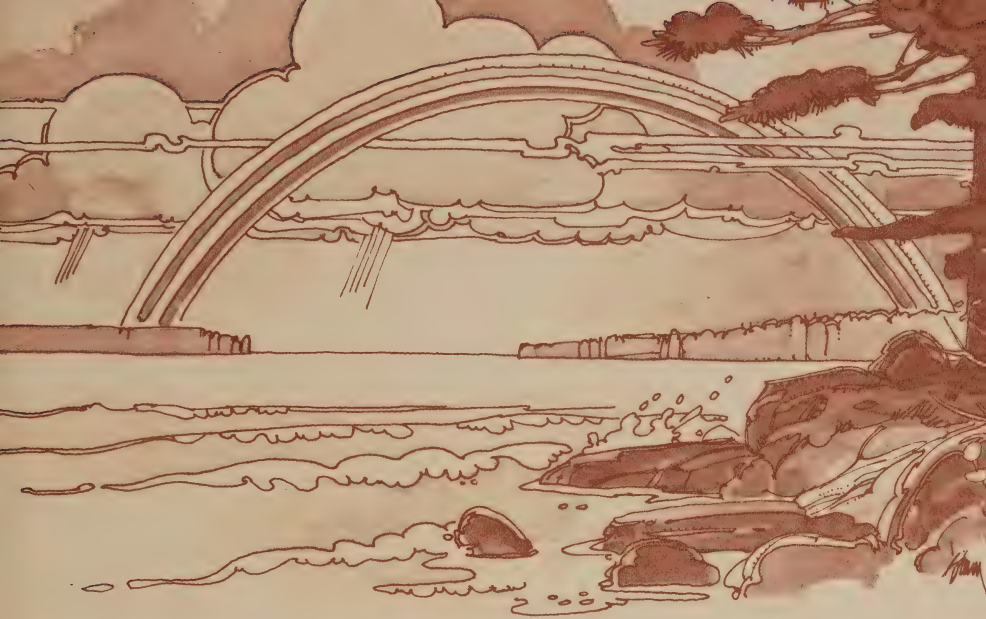
but before

I could get you alone you suddenly  
were off through the grass with the most  
delicate of back-hoofed leaps, and didn't  
look back once before disappearing  
into your secret forest world.

*Raymond Souster*







## Rainbow over Lake Simcoe

Before the mayor could get to the phone  
to inform his councillors  
so all five could meet  
and declare it illegal

the rainbow had said "why not?"  
and sucked up half of Lake Simcoe,  
then after once around the horseshoe  
dropped it softly back in Lake Couchiching.

*Raymond Souster*

## A Voice

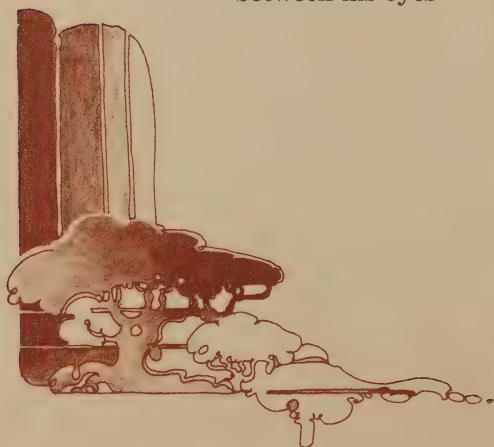
A voice from the other country  
stood on the grass. He became  
part of the grass.

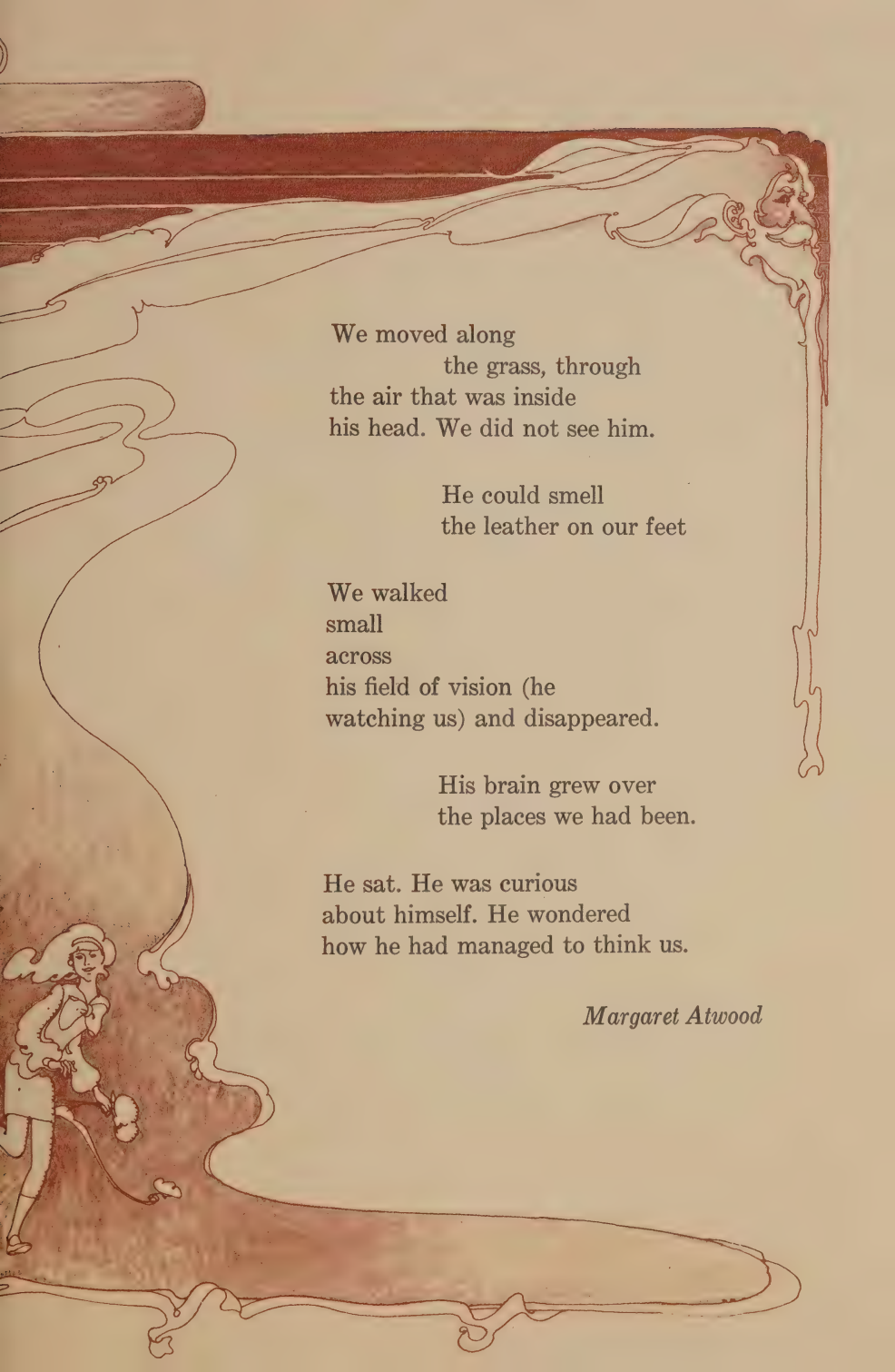
The sun shone  
greenly on the blades of his hands

Then we  
appeared, climbing down  
the hill, you  
in your blue sweater.

He could see that  
we did not occupy  
the space, as he did. We  
were merely in it

My skirt was yellow  
small  
between his eyes





We moved along  
the grass, through  
the air that was inside  
his head. We did not see him.

He could smell  
the leather on our feet

We walked  
small  
across  
his field of vision (he  
watching us) and disappeared.

His brain grew over  
the places we had been.

He sat. He was curious  
about himself. He wondered  
how he had managed to think us.

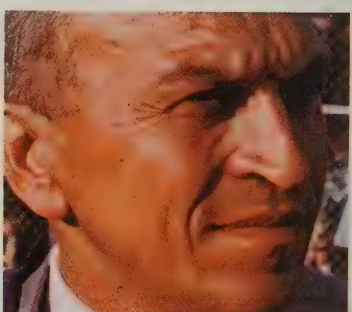
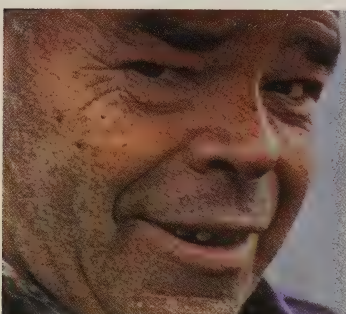
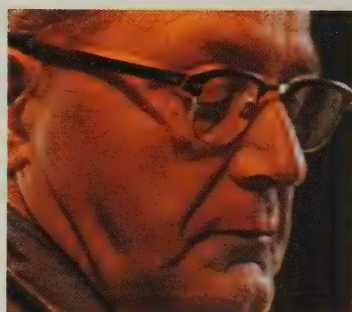
*Margaret Atwood*



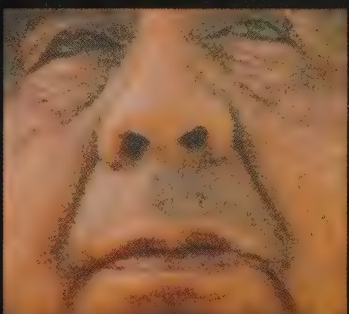
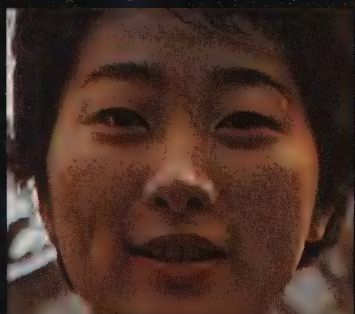
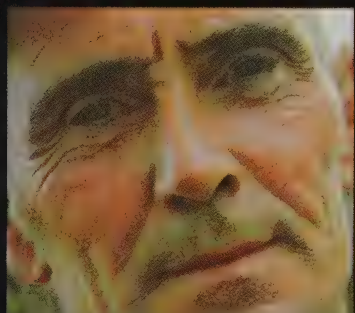




The people













# New Faces That Belong Here

An Old Ontarian looks at the New Ontarians

*Morley Callaghan*

Ontario people are all over Canada. They're in executive offices, engineering companies, branches of financial houses, and on university faculties. Yet even now when they go to the other provinces they get the baffling, knowing little smiles and the glint in the eye. In the Maritimes people say, "Ah, Upper Canada, Toronto," as if sure the Ontario man has come to own or manage or something. In the West they let him know he's expected to be sedate, incapable of sharing their untrammelled western heartiness.

The Ontario man is often bemused. He's supposed to be from the rich man's high house with the narrow windows and the closely knit family. Doesn't anyone know what the province is really like now? Why do they still think of it as it was in his grandfather's or his father's time?

In those vanished days that lasted into the 30s, Ontario was indeed a kind of family house, a very British house. There were many groups, of course, but they all knew where they stood. Whether they were Irish Catholics, or French from the south-western corner, or the north, or descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, or the English settlers, or the powerful Scotch, they were all under the domination of the brisk, hard-driving, Protestant Puritan ethic. Toronto was called "little Belfast." The annual Orangemen's parade was a provincial cultural event. And the real temper of the province could always be accurately gauged by keeping in touch with the rural life.

Then, just after the Second Great War, it was as if the doors and windows of the old family house were flung wide open to the



whole world. Workers were needed for the vast new industrialization that had begun. Strangers, who had heard they were welcome in a province that had the highest standard of living in Canada, rushed in to settle the cities. Soon that crescent corner of Lake Ontario, reaching from Oshawa to St. Catharines, became a vast polygot industrial area, and a man of the old stock, walking the streets, or standing on the platform of a Toronto subway station, now gets a flash of faces that makes him wonder where he is: Slavic, Oriental, Latin; all new faces.

The man of the old stock is entranced because these people look as if they felt they belonged. They look at home; and he knows that he could walk in neighborhoods where he used to walk, now all Italian, or Ukrainian, and feel a little like a stranger.

So there are times now when the Ontario man isn't quite sure where he is, or what he is, or what dramatic possibilities may await his children. Already the face of the whole area has a different complexion. People glory in the varicolored shops and plazas, the gardens and swimming pools of high-rise apartments. Even the banks—and the real temple of Ontario was always the bank—have become as bright, soothing and inviting as lounges. Now the politician can no longer measure the Ontario temper by knowing the rural life. This new vast urbanization is the thing. It has reached out over the giant new highways, over the air waves and along every lane right to the edge of the wilderness.

The open house, as the theoreticians saw it in the beginning, was to have been a cultural mosaic, but in a mosaic the pieces have to remain in place. Once the thing starts melting it takes a whole new sheen, and maybe an undreamed-of pattern begins to emerge. Children of the new people, speaking the same language now as people of the old stock, sitting across the aisle from them in the schools, wearing the same clothes, looking at the same television programs, and whose fathers belong to the same unions



and get the same pay, don't want to remain in separated communities nursing cultural dreams of their fathers' countries. Nor can they be content to work at a trade. Soon they turn to the professions. Soon they turn to politics too. Their voices become part of the new Ontario chorus.

But the directors of the chorus, the people of the old stock, without quite realizing it, have been melting also into something new, even when they keep to themselves. It's not just the cultural pressure of the new people doing this to them. The new tolerance, the new technologies, and that vast irresistible new continental urbanization, a strange new civilization, which has gone surging across the ocean, has washed over the Ontario man too, and sometimes he wonders if he knows what he's like himself, now that he always seems to be becoming something else.

Ontario people? What are they really like now? Well, they're not at all like the English, they're certainly not like midwestern Americans. They're like . . . The truth is they are not sure now what they are like and are surprised and grateful when someone from another shore discovers something unique about them.

A woman, who had lived all her life in Montreal before settling here, says, "I found Ontario people almost frighteningly friendly when I first came here." The Ontario man, in surprise, says, "Really?" An English girl, a secretary now, and just three months here, says, "It's not like London at all. Everybody here is crazy about education—people with jobs, I mean. All the secretaries I know are taking those extension courses at the universities." And again the Ontario man says, "Really?" as if he no longer knew what was going on.

Just the same, and aside from the new tolerance, about the nicest thing to be said for Ontario people was said by the great American literary critic, Edmund Wilson. "Up there," he said in some surprise, "people still want to listen."

# They Chose Ontario

Two kinds of Japanese typify the newcomers

*Frank Moritsugu*

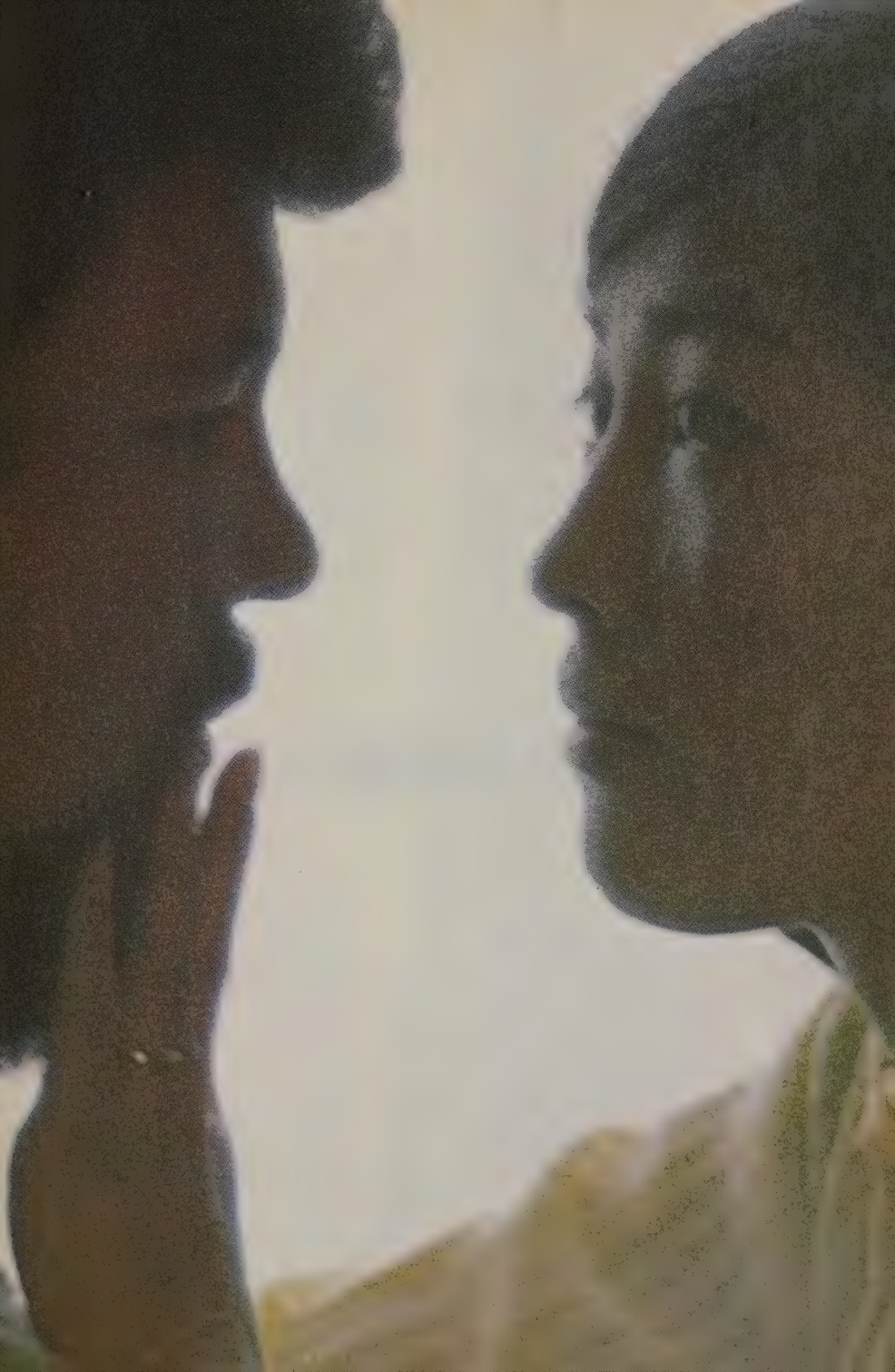
“What surprised me most about Toronto,” said Kenji Makino, a young Japanese who immigrated to Ontario in the early 1960s, “was the number of different peoples and different languages. I came to Ontario expecting to hear only English. But on buses and the subway, I hear Italian and French and German regularly.”

Kenji is in the process of becoming an Ontarian, and a Canadian citizen. He followed up his Tokyo education with a university course in Toronto, then took teacher training and now teaches mathematics at a secondary school in the Ontario capital. Coming as he does from a homogeneous country with a single language, his surprise at Ontario's multi-culturism is natural.

As the richest and most populated Canadian province, Ontario has been the acknowledged leader of what is called “English” Canada, just as neighboring Quebec is the symbol of the Canada that is “French,” in this nation created by two founding races.

Although the first European to investigate the part of Canada which became Ontario was the intrepid French explorer Samuel de Champlain during the early 17th century, English is the province's main and official language. This is because the people who first settled in Ontario were of British origin, with a leavening of German and Dutch, predominantly United Empire Loyalists who fled the American War of Independence to preserve their link with the British Crown by heading northward into the region bordering Lake Ontario, Lake Erie and the St. Lawrence River.

Until a quarter of a century ago, Anglo-Saxons were the large majority, although pockets of French Canadians in several areas





gave the province the most residents of French origin outside Quebec. However, during the period following the 1939-45 war, the makeup of the Ontario population has drastically changed. Now those of British origin are only a bare majority.

The new Ontario includes among its over 7,300,000 people, a large concentration of Italians, thousands of Germans, Belgians, Dutch, Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, Chinese, East Indians, West Indians, Pakistanis, Japanese, Filipinos and Maltese (about 17,000 immigrants from the Mediterranean island of Malta live in Toronto alone). And, of course, there are tens of thousands of postwar arrivals from England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. So on a given day, it's easily possible to hear an exotic anthology of accents in any sizable Ontario city.

This explains why the province's entertainment offering on Ontario's special day at Expo 67 in Montreal was a two-hour program featuring 1,500 performers representing 22 racial groups. As Ontario's Prime Minister John Robarts told the Expo audience that day, his province is "a mosaic of people of 81 language groupings and 160 countries, all dedicated to building a greater Canada."

Among the performers were the Sansei Choir and Dancers from the Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre in Toronto, representing Ontarians of Japanese origin. In the province, there are more than 13,000 Japanese Canadians plus about 1,300 to 1,500 recently arrived immigrants from Japan. In both cases, the totals equal more than half of all such people in the entire country. This parallels the current immigration pattern—more than half of all the immigrants who have come to Canada during the past two decades have come to Ontario.

The postwar immigrants from Japan represent one basic type of new Ontarian. The emphasis is on professional and skilled workers, which Canada needs most. What sort of Japanese come to Ontario? Kunizo Kawaji, resident officer in Toronto for the Japan Emigra-

tion Service, says the immigrants are made up of three kinds: those who found opportunities lacking for them because of Japan's hiring systems, those who wanted more independence professionally and socially, and those who wanted to make a new start.

Why do they come to Canada—specifically Ontario? They are attracted by the high standard of living, the immediate financial rewards, and the not too formidable cultural change from their own homeland experience. But settling is not easy, and some earlier arrivals have formed an organization in Toronto which aims to help newcomers to get housing, apply for jobs, and solve the myriad other problems of coping with a new country. Hiroshi Katayama, a former Tokyo pharmacist now employed at the Princess Margaret Cancer Clinic in Toronto, is the organization's secretary. He says the main problems of adjustment are acquiring a working knowledge of English, getting Japanese educational and professional qualifications accepted by local employers (further study is often required), and finding a marriage partner. But judging from the record of the last wave of immigrants from Japan, 40 and 50 years ago, these initial pains should only be temporary.

The much larger Japanese Canadian group—meaning those who immigrated before the 1939-45 war and their Canadian-born offspring—are also “immigrants” to Ontario, so to speak. They moved to the province in the 1940s and 1950s, following the wartime relocation from the British Columbia coast where the main concentration of Canada's Japanese used to live. For them, not unnaturally, it was easier to establish themselves in Ontario. Almost 9,000 of the province's 13,000-plus Japanese Canadians live in the Metropolitan Toronto area, the largest concentration in the country. Most of them are middle-class suburbanites who blend so well into the well-groomed Ontario cityscape that other Ontarians rarely realize so many Japanese Canadians are around.

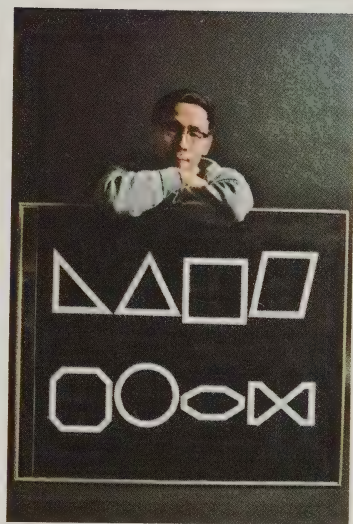
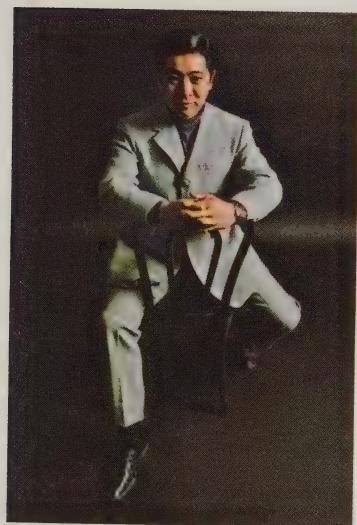
However, some Japanese Canadians have a high degree of

visibility, because of their particular accomplishments. Probably the best-known is Raymond Moriyama. Not quite 40 years old, a handsome man with a captivating personality, this Vancouver-born architectural graduate of the University of Toronto is one of those involved in changing Ontario's image. His prize commission to date has been the design of the Centennial Centre of Science and Technology. A \$30-million enterprise, the first phase of this ambitious complex of ultramodern museum buildings opened in the fall of 1969, and is designed to handle 3,000 school children a day. Moriyama, whose ideas are often revolutionary and always concerned with long-range ideals, is also working on a new town centre for the Metropolitan Toronto borough of Scarborough, and has designed several new university buildings. He also designed the Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre, a project financed by donations from the Japanese Canadian community. Its programs pass on traditional Japanese culture—classes in cha-no-yu (tea ceremony), judo, karate, sumi-e, ikebana (flower arrangement), conversational Japanese are on the curriculum. And the emphasis is on getting non-Japanese to participate.

Other Japanese Canadians of note in Ontario include: Kazuo Nakamura, an established artist whose gentle abstract paintings and sculpture have been hung in international exhibitions as part of Canada's contribution; Nobuo Kubota, a sculptor also known for his participating in an artists' jazz group in Toronto; and Thomas K. Shoyama of Ottawa, an economist who is director of fiscal policy for the Canadian government's department of finance. As well, four Japanese Canadians whose expertise is in the use of the English language, have been reporters or editors on Toronto's daily newspapers—Julian Hayashi, Mel Tsuji, Rick Matsumoto and the writer of this article.

In sports, Ontario's Japanese Canadians have always been active participants. They brought baseball enthusiasm with them





from B.C., but their Ontario-raised children enthuse over hockey and Canadian football. So far, no athlete of Japanese origin has made the hallowed ranks of top-rank professional hockey—the National Hockey League. But Mel Wakabayashi, born in B.C. but raised in Chatham, Ontario, may yet make the grade. This small (5-foot-6, 160 pounds) compact 26-year-old was all-American centre for the University of Michigan's hockey team, and is property of the Detroit Red Wings. On graduation, Wakabayashi interrupted his pursuit of a professional hockey career in North America, by getting a leave of absence from the Red Wings to play and coach for the Seibu Railway Company hockey team of Tokyo, Japan. In the winter of 1968-69, he returned to Canada for an extensive tour with the Seibu team and was the major reason why the Japanese players racked up an impressive winning record against senior, junior and intermediate teams.

As Prime Minister Robarts said at Expo 67, Ontario's population is a cultural mosaic. But all the people of Ontario share a bond—great expectations, backed by pride and confidence. It is no wonder that at public occasions, children from many parts of the mosaic join to sing with gusto, the new and beloved song about the province which was introduced at Montreal's Expo:

"Give us a place to stand, and a place to grow

And call this land Ontario.

A place to live, for you and me

With hopes as high as the tallest tree.

Give us a land of lakes and a land of snow

And we will build Ontario.

A place to stand, a place to grow

Ontari-ari-ari-o."\*

If you look closely, you'll see the watching adults mouthing the words, too, and glistening with a pride which cuts across all languages, all origins that make up the people of Ontari-ari-ari-o.





# They Shoot, They Score

Hockey means more than any other sport

*Scott Young*

One night I was walking out of Toronto's huge professional rink—Maple Leaf Gardens—after a magnificent ice hockey game. In front of me in the crowd was a man holding the hand of his small son. When he spoke to the boy, his voice was shaky with excitement. The sights and sounds of the game's last minute had got to him, too. The ice surface had been like the small bright floor of a valley. Around the bowl, staring down, 16,355 of us had been on our feet cheering the last flashing sights of the game: the forming and reforming of skaters for attacks on the opposition goal, the desperate defenders, the whack of hockey sticks driving the hard rubber puck through the air almost too fast to see, the goalkeepers diving into the swirling razor-sharp blades to grab the puck from danger.

In Ontario, we have most sports played in the world, but a fact no one argues is this: hockey means more to us than any other. The father I saw might have gotten up at dawn the next morning to watch his son take part in a game, as one of the 50,000 boys playing organized hockey during Ontario winters. The younger they are, the earlier their teams use the busy ice. The father himself might play once a week or so, as part of a company team out mainly for an evening's fun and exercise, with a social beer or two afterwards.

A proper team has six members; goalkeeper, two defensemen and three forwards, but that's in heated rinks with artificial ice in the cities. On frozen ponds outdoors 40 or 50 might play at once, the makeshift goal being a couple of blocks of wood set in



the ice. Orderly or free-for-all, either way develops the skills that make Canadians the world's best ice hockey players. Because most of the 600 best turn professional, they cease to be eligible for international amateur competitions, such as the Olympics and the World Championships.

Hockey is so popular in Ontario that there hasn't been an unsold seat for a National Hockey League game in Toronto since 1945. So it would be a big treat for a father and son to get to such a game, to see the local Maple Leafs play host to, for instance, their arch-rivals, the Montreal Canadiens, to give the superlative example. Season tickets for the home games of the Leafs are so precious that fathers hand down the privilege to buy them to sons in their wills. But there are other deeper dimensions: humor, color, excitement, violence, nostalgic memory for games long gone.

Long gone, indeed . . . The year that I was 13 I played defense for a team in a small town's church league. We played on Saturday mornings in an old wooden rink near a railroad track. On the final game of the season, our coach couldn't get off work and I, as captain, had to handle the team as well as play.

We had some good players. But we also had three players so small and puny that every time they got on the ice during the season the other team scored. Our coach always played them anyway, alternating them with our one good forward line. I used to marvel at the impassive air with which he could send these three 50-pound tigers out to do battle. I would be anything but impassive, being a defenseman and knowing that the next two minutes would be sheer madness around our goal.

As I handled the team in this final game—a contest for the championship—I never looked at our bench. I knew if I did those three pairs of eyes would be peering mournfully at me, waiting for my signal that their chance had come to go out and lose the





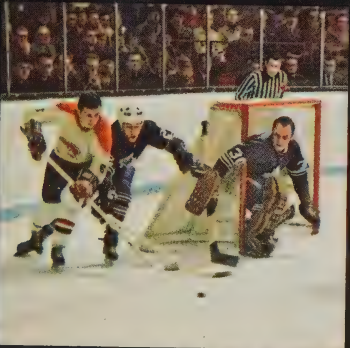
game for us. I never gave the signal. We won the championship, but three little players left the rink with tears in their eyes. Then our coach arrived. I don't know who told him that I hadn't played the Little Ones. Maybe he could see it in their eyes. But as I was unlacing my skates, the coach spoke to me so that all the others could hear. He said just a few words to the effect that winning wasn't everything when it meant three boys coming all this way on a cold morning and then being left to freeze on the bench. I went home subdued, and have never forgotten the lesson.

I know a boy, a good hockey player who was brought up on a lonely farm and who used to practice on a small frozen pond in the barnyard—his only opposition being a big black Labrador dog who would bat the puck around with his paws and play the game as long as the boy would stay.

I know a boy who practised body-checking one summer by filling a strong bag with 200 pounds of sand, tying it to a rafter by a rope, and then pushing it so that it would swing. The idea was to check the swinging bag with his shoulder. He was regularly flattened by it in the process. But by winter he was the best checking defenseman in his school.

One night in a snowstorm I stopped at a remote country gasoline station. The youth who came to fill my car's tank was carrying a hockey stick. I got out and looked around the side of the garage. He had rigged up a hockey goal with a snowbank behind it. He had a pail of pucks. In the long intervals between cars pulling up for service, he stood out there and practised hour after hour shooting for the corners of the goal. I knew that as he did it, alone in the snow, in his mind were the roars of great crowds in big rinks; the heroic dreams of every boy in Ontario.

Such tiny cameos are part of the province's winter landscape. They are the seed for the vast cheers, the flashing sights, the total place that hockey holds in this land's heart.





# He's Only a Summer Soldier

Other students pick worms, sell daffodils

*Jon Ruddy*

Scarlet clad, ramrod stiff, he mans the sentry box, British musket at the order. That's right, musket, and the rest of his gear from cross belt to cartouche is as immaculate in the 90°F sunshine as ever an 1812 militiaman kept it. He is 20, a student of dentistry, and his summer role, that of guide and guard at Toronto's historic Fort York, is by no means the oddest job taken on by Ontario's 90,000 college students between terms. With the summer break lasting from May to late September, students hit the labor force during April to mid-May with a great hustle of interview appointments and rustle of application forms. They infuse the job market with vigor, persistence and an unquiet desperation. They can be employed for, comparatively, peanuts.

What to do? Be adaptable, be imaginative, be versatile, so urge the guidance counselors and placement officers. That they are. During three summers that punctuated his progress from James Stoke, Freshman, to James Stoke, B.A., one undergraduate worked as (a) stable boy at a dude ranch, (b) stock clerk in department store lingerie, and (c) worm picker for a live bait concessionaire. (He enjoyed this last job the least, though it paid well; the night-time hours of optimum worm picking cramped his social life.) Diane Penman, an honors English major, did a Pygmalion in reverse, peddling daffodils from a scruffy-looking cart in Toronto's Nathan Phillips Square. Harry Grossman, studying business, drew up a list of 20 chores he could do during summer. He slipped a copy under every door in his neighborhood. "I made more money than I ever had in my life," he says.



It used to be that students could get summer work on farms, but in a thoroughly mechanized society, the problem of full-time students seeking short-time work has become an increasingly thorny one.

Meanwhile, most students hope to earn enough by school's start in September to pay for next year's tuition, usually \$500-\$700, and buy some books and clothes besides. "The magic figure seems to be \$1,000," says Allan Headrick, director of the University of Toronto's placement service. "The boys aim a little higher than the girls. They need money for dates and for gas for their Hondas, I guess." Failure to earn \$1,000—or, in some cases, find a job at all—is seldom as catastrophic as editorials in campus newspapers suggest. Virtually all students with passing grades seem to return in September, with or without a nest egg.

"This is an affluent society," says Headrick. "Very few parents can't kick in a few bucks. There are all kinds of scholarship and bursary money floating around, and anybody can apply for a student loan."

The students easiest to place in summer jobs are a year from graduation in engineering, science and business. The toughest: arts students with no particular—or with particularly esoteric—skills. "They keep complaining that there aren't enough jobs related to their courses," says one. "And it *is* pretty tough to find a summer job for somebody in Far Eastern studies."

Some students have good cause to resent obvious injustices in the summer job market. While embryo engineers can earn as much as \$2.50 an hour in factory jobs and construction, one honors history student and winner of a Woodrow Wilson fellowship, spent a not very lucrative summer peddling encyclopedias door to door. Mary Macrae, a straight-A psychology major, found herself employed as a mother's helper on an island in Muskoka. "The psychology courses helped quite a lot," she recalls.



In practice, though, most of them are able to derive some satisfaction out of summer work that has no conceivable application to their chosen career. "After working with a slide rule for eight months, it's a real pleasure to clean a musket," says Larry Bowen, an electrical engineering student and a summer guide at Fort York. Pretty Peggy Curtis, who went up to a lodge on a northern lake, says of her dishwashing job: "Believe it or not, it restoreth my soul." And George Moher, a business student who spent a summer working as a common laborer on the DEW line, became so enamored of the northern bush country that he switched courses in midstream and graduated in forestry instead.

The favorite summer job among students who aren't hard pressed for macaroni money—who want a sort of paid vacation with the option of saving a few dollars for Dad's sake—has traditionally been at a resort, preferably in Ontario's Muskoka vacation area or in the Rockies. Each summer the town of Banff, Alberta, is inundated with about 1,500 students, most of them from Ontario and all of them eager to swing. At the Banff Springs Hotel there is a considerable staff of matrons, cooks, dishwashers, chambermaids and so on that does nothing but serve the student staff. It sometimes seems to the students that the whole vast turreted CPR complex revolves around them instead of around the guests. Life is similarly pleasant at many Ontario vacation resorts—especially for bellhops.

"To begin with, boys are outnumbered two to one," says Larry Ferguson, B.A., a young businessman from Hamilton who looks back on his summers as a Muskoka bellhop with a great deal of nostalgia. "So a big resort hotel is a paradise for boys. But the bellhops always get the pick of the girls for dates. Maybe it's the uniform, and maybe it's the tips, I don't know, but here we were carrying bags, and we were the kings of the hotel. I tell you, I used to feel sorry for the paying guests."

# To Heal, With Love

That's the technique at "Sick Kids" Hospital

*Joan Hollobon*

Genevieve Hatch-Syrett is a lively teenager who lives at Antigua in the Leeward Islands of the Caribbean. But she has a special reason to know of Toronto, Ontario's capital city. Twice she has come to Toronto's famous Hospital for Sick Children. The first time was in 1964 for an operation on the hole in her heart. Dr. G. A. Trusler, who donated his services, placed a supplementary blood vessel between Genevieve's heart and lungs to aid her breathing problem. Then in June, 1968, she came back to the hospital for the second and final operation which closed the hole in her heart. And after a month, she was back home in Antigua.

Now she can run and play like any normal little girl . . . thanks to the hospital that Torontonians affectionately call "Sick Kids."

Genevieve's experience is hardly unique. Children from many countries—France, Greece, India, Chile among others—have been brought thousands of miles to get the special treatment offered at the Hospital for Sick Children.

As a result, North America's largest children's hospital has become something of a legend. Doctors, nurses, researchers and technicians rub shoulders with people whose sole job is human concern, girls trained in recreation who play with children, volunteers who comfort frightened parents waiting word from operating room or intensive care unit, women who write to anxious families far from their sick children.

Today's 810-bed complex, sprawling over a city block, is a far cry from the tiny hospital that opened 93 years ago with six iron cots in a rented, 11-room house furnished with donations.





But the present hospital, with its \$22-million annual operating budget and complicated equipment undreamed of a century ago, has more in common with its modest beginning than would appear. People are the link across the years—as concerned now as were those Victorian ladies who founded the hospital and Victorian nurses who cared for patients when medicine had little more to offer a sick child than devoted nursing.

The Hospital's staff of 2,700 form a small town of people, and they are as varied as any townsfolk. Sick Kids is a teaching hospital attached to the University of Toronto medical school. It also has its own school of nursing, the oldest in North America operated by a children's hospital. Its graduates are fully trained for adult as well as child care. In the Hospital, more than 1,500 men and women are taking training of one kind or another—in medicine, nursing, radiography, physiotherapy and other fields.

The Hospital for Sick Children also mirrors Toronto's own changing face: from a predominantly Anglo-Saxon city only 20 years ago to a cosmopolitan centre of over 2,000,000 people where any language may be overheard.

A walk through the bustling out-patient department confirms the change: here, a dark-haired family chattering away in Italian, next to them an Indian girl in a sari carrying an infant, then a West Indian couple with a toddler and beside them several women talking Hungarian. Linguists on the hospital staff are often called upon for help. In fact, the 1968 crop of post-graduate medical students can muster 13 languages from Hindu to Yugoslav.

The Hospital for Sick Children's role has changed as much as its appearance. Founded to care for Toronto patients when children died from infectious diseases now largely conquered, the Hospital gradually developed into a specialist centre for complex procedures as medicine became more specialized and complicated.

Last year, admissions totalled more than 26,000 and one-



quarter of these children came from outside Metropolitan Toronto. They came from every province in Canada, from 19 American states and from 16 other foreign countries.

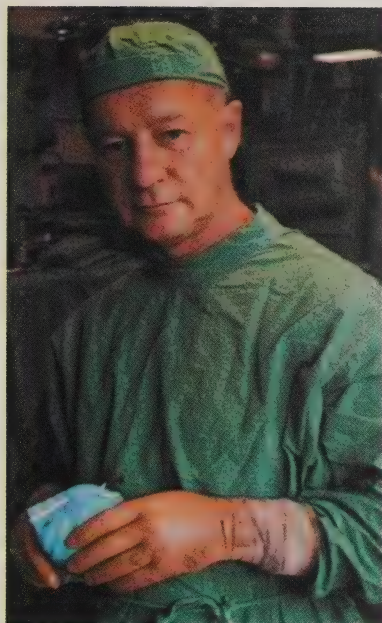
Air travel to the Toronto hospital has saved the lives of many children. Sandra, a five-week-old infant flown from Newfoundland, is typical. Her tiny, five-pound body was blue from lack of oxygen because of a hole in her heart. To further complicate matters, she had one kidney that did not function. In short, Sandra was critically ill. In the newborn unit she was hooked up to electronic machines that constantly monitored every heart beat. Her breathing was aided by a mechanical respirator. She was fed through a tube into her veins. Nurses watched her continuously. But heart surgery was successful and plastic surgery improved her kidney function. Before long, Sandra was able to breathe on her own and to take milk from a bottle. She went home within two months weighing eight pounds and on the way to recovery.

Sadly, not even the finest hospital can save all its patients. David was brought in from a car crash with a fractured skull and legs and severe internal injuries. He lay unconscious for days in the intensive care unit and unfortunately never recovered. Volunteers were on hand to unobtrusively comfort his parents as they waited, day after day.

It is not only patients who come from far away. In a recent year 48 young researchers on post-graduate research fellowships came to the Hospital from 18 countries on all five continents. The importance of research to the work at Sick Kids was recognized 50 years ago when a small laboratory was set up. In 1954 a research institute was established with its own staff and budget.

In 1968 this budget totalled nearly \$2.5 million, half of it from the Hospital's own endowment funds. The Institute has 25 full-time senior investigators and 25 on part-time—practising physicians and surgeons who do some research, too. Counting





the fellows and technicians, the Institute staff totals 224.

Research at the Hospital has developed procedures in heart and bone surgery adopted all over the world. Best known is the Mustard operation, named for Dr. William Mustard, the Toronto pediatric surgeon who developed it, to treat children born with the main vessels of the heart transposed—the vessel which should carry blood around the body leads instead to the lungs, and vice versa. Just a few years ago nothing could be done for these babies. Altogether, the Hospital's department of cardiovascular surgery does more than 600 operations of various kinds a year.

A procedure devised by orthopedic surgeons at Sick Kids was the first successful technique developed to treat children born with a weakness of the hip joint which, untreated, inevitably leads to progressively greater crippling as the child grows.

The Hospital for Sick Children deals with a steady stream of out-patients and emergency cases. Many of the emergencies are related to poisonings. Toddlers swallow many noxious substances, but headache tablets, sedatives and cigarette butts top the list. Most can be treated and sent home, but some, like the children who burned their mouths and gullets with lye, have to stay longer. This terrible injury often needs months of treatment and plastic surgery.

As Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children heads towards its first century mark and beyond, it is determined to keep up with the latest treatments and techniques. A computer is being installed which will eventually be used for research and patients' records as well as office procedures. The Hospital also plans to build a heliport on part of its flat roof to accommodate emergency cases.

But in one respect it is equally determined to remain as old-fashioned as its Victorian founders: compassion, concern and the human touch—these are to remain the special philosophy even as Toronto's beloved "Sick Kids" grows larger and larger.





# Listen! Look! Feel! It's Pop-rock!

And Toronto's where it's happening

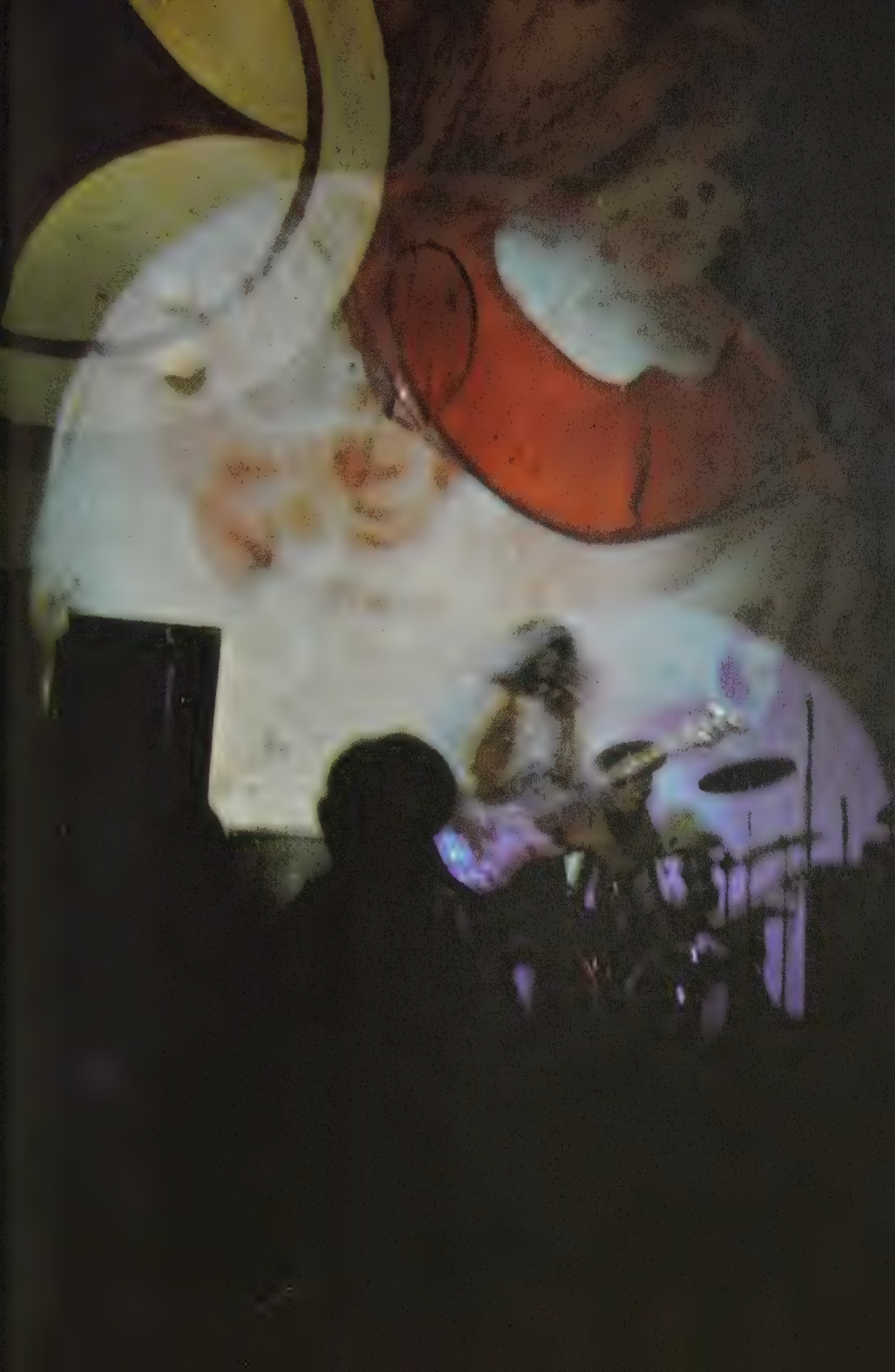
*William Cameron*

*Move.* It is a compelling command. *Move.* And they do—perhaps 500 of them in the hall, moving with the total fluidity of being young, dressed in the costumes of the age: bells, beads, jeans, Prince Valiant hair to the shoulder, long tresses that swing below the shoulders, clothes in hot tense shades of red, blue, orange, purple. *Move.* The youngsters react in little velocities of their own—mad personal orbits with an individual logic and look to them.

The strobe lights switch on and oscillate the room, on and off, on and off faster than the eye can follow. The dancers look as if they are frozen in the frames of an old silent film, jerking through a motion in distinct bursts of sight. Like jump cuts in a fashionably hectic TV commercial.

On the stage, five musicians burst the music into the hall, riding on top of a heavy, pulsating beat like horsemen at a gallop, their hair swinging through arcs of rhythm. Behind them, on the screen, there is a great purple blob that expands and contracts the way a heart might squeeze in a moment of panic or love.

“Panic” and “Love” say it. This pop-rock music and the accompanying light effects and the near-compulsive movements of the dancers are a fusion of panic and love. Here is sensuality at high speed, free and wild and flat-out. And it happens in any city or town you might care to name or visit—Toronto or Windsor or any of the smaller towns across Ontario, New York or London or Copenhagen or Tokyo. Everybody's moving, going with the sound, with the beat, as the lights and colors dazzle the eye in jagged, frantic counterpoint.









Pop-rock is the music the young people dance to, listen to, and in a very personal way live by. Especially in Toronto.

Toronto is a city which seems to some people—living in other Canadian places—a cold, hard town. This myth is not true, as Torontonians know, but the city is still not a place you'd expect to be kind to young musicians with long hair and odd clothing and odder ideas about the sounds to make.

Yet from Toronto, back in 1967, from an incredible little mid-town boiling-pot of discotheques and coffee-houses called Yorkville, a group called The Paupers exploded into New York.

On February 27, 1967, at the Cafeaugogo in New York, The Paupers were playing as a second-string group to The Jefferson Airplane, the top West-Coast band which was already as big as any American band can be. Nothing was expected from the lesser group. After all, they were nobodies, from some place up north that no New Yorker had ever heard of.

But to the condescending skeptics, The Paupers' music was like finding a diamond in a hamburger. The group was astounding: long, hard, sharp melodies; double and triple rhythms from kettledrums (kettledrums?); a lead guitarist who was playing harmonies above the rest of the sound which seemed to be related only in a secret but beautiful way: and this insane little bass player looking like a drunken frog, jumping up and down in front of his amplifier, doing things with his electric bass you weren't supposed to be able to do with any kind of instrument at all.

From out of the blue, a wow in New York.

But in the long run, The Paupers didn't make it. A year and a half later they were back in Toronto, badly in debt and working the high-school dances again. Their first record album had been a disaster. Their second, "Ellis Island," had been better—good enough to be chosen by U.S. critic Nat Hentoff as one of the best five albums of 1968—but still, not quite right.

But they had that night in New York. They had come close to genuine success, and maybe they would again. And those wise guys in New York realized that there was a whole new pop-rock scene in Toronto, some strange bushleague scene that was churning out musicians who didn't play like anybody else, perhaps better than anyone else.

The wise guys should have known. Ontario had produced, or been the jumping-off place, for several major-league folk artists who successfully adjusted to the electrification of pop music.

Gordon Lightfoot, for example, works out of Toronto—his “That’s What You Get For Lovin’ Me” was well received in the U.S. and elsewhere. Ian Tyson and Sylvia Fricker (Ian and Sylvia) came even before—they have a splendid string of internationally-accepted songs, especially “Four Strong Winds,” a melancholy country-flavored ballad based on Tyson’s experiences as a cowboy in the Canadian west.

And musicians with Ontario backgrounds had done well as members of U.S. groups: Zal Yanofsky was one of the Lovin’ Spoonful after once scuffling in Toronto as a member of a folk group. It also included Halifax’s Denny Doherty who joined The Mamas and Papas. Neil Young became lead guitarist of The Buffalo Springfield.

The talent was there, and even as The Paupers arrived back in Toronto there were several groups being groomed for their shot at the U.S. market; Nucleus, Transfusion, The Male Bagg, The Ugly Ducklings. The musicians are fiercely convinced that the big success is going to happen. Until then, they work the small clubs in Toronto and other Ontario towns, rehearsing, refining and waiting.

Toronto is the core; it’s the place to be if you are a pop-rock musician in Canada. It’s almost an automatic stop on any tour by big-name groups from the U.S. or the U.K. The Beatles have



played Toronto, as well as The Doors, The Mothers of Invention, The Bugs, Donovan, Cream, Big Brother and The Holding Company, and even those delights of the teenyboppers: The Monkees.

But the most important factor in Toronto's pre-eminence as the pop-music centre of Canada is Yorkville, the small stretch of coffee-houses and boutiques that might be called an equivalent to New York City's East Village or San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury. It's a compact neighborhood where the musicians can listen, compete and improve. It's a kind of forcing-house for pop talent; The Paupers worked out of Yorkville before their foray into New York, and so did The Kensington Market, the best bet to date to beat the border jinx.

In early 1969, two new centres were beginning to compete with Yorkville as focuses for musicians in Toronto: The Rock Pile, a downtown hall with an enthusiastic, bright management, specializing in explosive, trendy new groups, and The Electric Circus (the local version of the unique entertainment house pioneered in New York by an entrepreneur from Ontario), a mammoth auditorium with an emphasis on technology and environmental sensation.

From Toronto, the working bands tour around the province, into smaller towns. The circuit is based for the most part on high-school dances and concerts, in places like St. Catharines, Cobourg, Midland, Pickering, Aurora, and Ottawa.

Pop-rock is an international phenomenon; regional differences, or even national differences, are less important than they are in, say, the folk-music that rock displaced. At its best (as in the work of The Paupers and The Kensington Market) it is a totally visceral experience—not really to be listened to, but to be *felt*. Consequently the quite understandable belief that Canadians, and in particular Canadians who live in Ontario, are a bloodless and self-contained lot, disappears in the welter of sound you find along Yorkville Avenue. To this young, sensual music, the listeners *move*. Yes.



# Incredible Dream Come True

Now Stratford aims at the second million

*Jack Batten*

One promising morning in late July 1968, Daisy Bergoine of Windsor, Ontario, once a school teacher and now retired to a quieter life, left her vacation lodgings on a Lake Huron shore and, accompanied by her sister, set her car on the highway out of Port Elgin, cutting southeast across the splendidly verdant countryside of west central Ontario. The ladies were embarked on a special kind of trip, one that Miss Bergoine had made 12 times since 1953, the pilgrimage to the Stratford Shakespearean Festival.

Each of those summers Miss Bergoine attended the plays at Stratford, listened to concerts, strolled the quiet shores of the Avon River and reveled in the atmosphere of Shakespeare and art and creativity. For her it was a reviving, stimulating interlude, and in 1968 it turned into something more.

Because, as she entered the splendid, majestic Stratford Festival Theatre on that July afternoon, anticipating a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she was suddenly surrounded by excited Festival officials and newspapermen; she was congratulated, photographed and interviewed and presented with two free lifetime passes to every new Festival performance. The commotion was justified: at that matinee, July 31, Miss Daisy Bergoine became the millionth patron to attend a theatrical performance at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival.

"The Festival in Ontario," said Sir Alec Guinness that same year, "is one of the great enterprises of this century." Sir Alec should know—he was, after all, the featured performer in the Festival's first year, playing an unforgettable Richard III. But on





his opening night, July 13, 1953, neither he, nor the Festival's founders and backers, nor the slightly doubtful critics, nor the anxious theatregoers, could foresee the growth that Stratford's festival would realize in the following seasons. They could hardly expect that by 1967, with Michael Langham's production of "Antony and Cleopatra," the Festival would have presented all of Shakespeare's major plays; that it would also have staged the works of Molière, Chekhov, Strindberg and Beckett; that it would have brought to Stratford actors of international stature such as James Mason ("Oedipus Rex," 1954), Jason Robards ("Henry IV, Part I," 1958), Paul Scofield ("Coriolanus," 1961) and Alan Bates ("Richard III," 1967); that it would have moulded a company of Canadian players, some of whom would eventually go onto films (Christopher Plummer), television (William Shatner), or the Broadway and London stage (Kate Reid), but most of whom would stay on in Stratford to create what one New York critic called "the most superior collection of performers on this continent—or, perhaps on any continent."

The Festival was Tom Patterson's brainstorm in the first place. Patterson was a local newspaperman and later a trade magazine editor in Toronto who rather rejoiced in his Stratford's vague connections with Shakespeare's Stratford and who wanted to expand on them. He knew that the Ontario Stratford's first settlers, a pair of gregarious brothers named Sargent, had hoisted a portrait of William Shakespeare outside the town's first building, their own Stratford Hotel and Beverage Rooms, a favorite watering place for settlers and salesmen heading for western Ontario. He was aware that over the years Stratford had named its river (the Avon) and its schools and wards (Romeo and Falstaffe, Hamlet and Juliet) after Shakespeare's country. Patterson dreamed of enlarging on these connections, of creating nothing less than a festival of Shakespearean plays.

In July 1952 Patterson persuaded Tyrone Guthrie, the flamboyant stage director in Britain, to come to address a committee of Stratford businessmen on the perils of launching the Festival. Guthrie cast such a messianic spell that the businessmen instantly pitched in to build a tent theatre, to recruit a company and to construct the unique revolutionary open stage that Guthrie prescribed as an essential to future success. The businessmen decided to hire as the Festival's first artistic director a man of whose talents they were all supremely confident—Tyrone Guthrie.

It's true that at first, many citizens of Stratford didn't really cotton to having actors in their midst. The city was relatively small—less than 20,000 in population—and provincial, planted firmly in the centre of rural Ontario, and they regarded the Festival people as an unpleasantly bohemian lot. But their attitude gradually changed. Sir Alec Guinness tells of one elderly Stratfordite, a teetotaler, who actively resented the actors' presence at the outset. But as he watched them he gradually became enchanted with their work and positively staggered by the growing splendor and color of the Festival theatre tent. He took to sending bottles of whiskey to the actors, and it was he who selected, purchased and planted hundreds of geraniums to make the outside of the theatre as welcoming as the interior.

The citizens of Stratford donated over \$100,000 to get the Festival in motion, and they were rewarded when the first year proved a solid success both with critics and with audiences, drawing an attendance of 68,000 and \$206,000 at the box office for a six-week season. And the rewards continued to pile up in the following seasons. By late 1960s, the Festival season had expanded to 18 weeks, the average attendance had climbed to well over 250,000 and in 1965 the box office realized its first million-dollar take.


But the rewards weren't solely monetary. The Festival also took root in those early years as a permanent and valuable addi-



tion to the world's theatre tradition. In the off season, the players of the Stratford company were frequently invited to perform for audiences outside Canada—at Edinburgh, Chichester and on Broadway. In 1956 the tent was replaced by a permanent theatre, a graceful building designed by a Toronto architect named Robert Fairfield. Gradually the Stratford community of Festival buildings expanded to include the refurbished Avon Theatre—a site for operas, Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and for non-Shakespearean plays, and the Rothmans Art Gallery—a year-round exhibition hall for a wide range of Canadian visual art.

As the years passed, the evolution of the Stratford Festival was constantly toward more Canadianism in direction and control. It was artists like conductor Louis Applebaum and pianist Glenn Gould, both Ontarians, who led the way in staging comprehensive programs of music each year, ranging from 18th-century chamber music to Brecht-Weill, from Rossini to Duke Ellington. Within the Festival company itself a sense of Canadianism grew in intensity. Michael Langham of England succeeded Tyrone Guthrie as artistic director in 1955 and remained for many years, but by the 1960s more and more Canadian directors worked with the company until, in 1968, Jean Gascon of Montreal and John Hirsch of Winnipeg assumed total and permanent responsibility for the Festival's artistic future.

Under these two talented men, the Festival promised to move in every direction except backwards. They began their tenure with the news that the Stratford company would also participate, after the six-month season, in the program of the new National Arts Centre of Ottawa. All these strides foreshadowed perhaps even a higher quality of performance in the Festival Theatre and given time, there's irresistible promise that Stratford's summer feast of cultural riches will attract another million visitors, critics, tourists and theatre lovers like Miss Daisy Bergoine of Windsor, Ontario.



For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:  
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,  
Cry—God for Harry!  
England! and Saint George!

*King Henry V—Act III*







Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd.—yet do I fear thy nature:  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition,

*Macbeth—Act I*

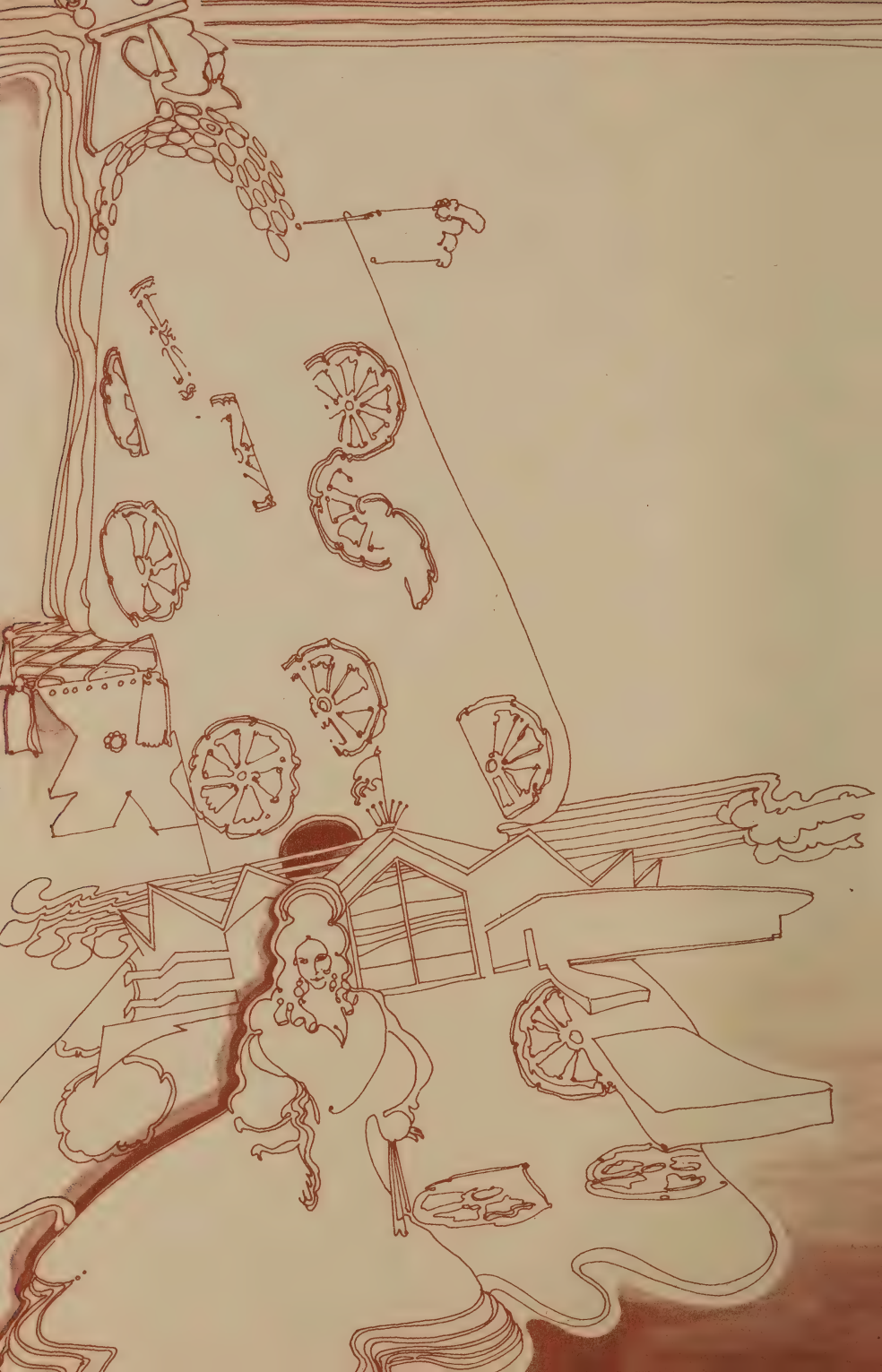
If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour!

*Twelfth Night—Act I*









My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*King Henry VI. Part III Act III*



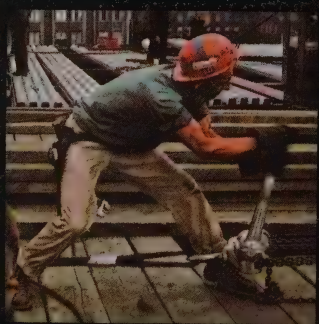
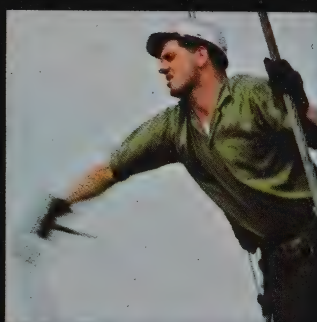


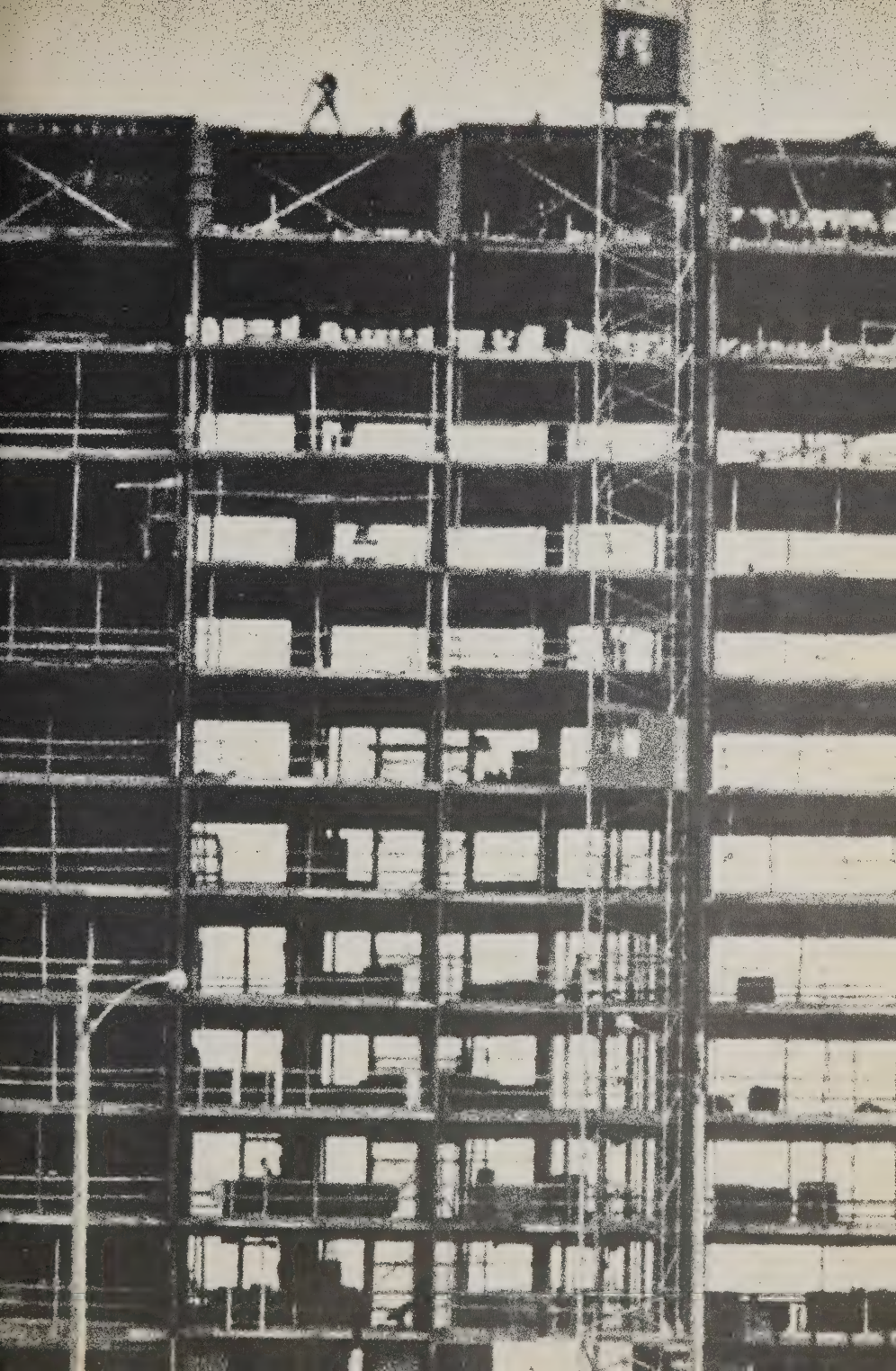
# The potential













# Tomorrow Will Be More Yet

Optimism is what makes Ontario go and go

*Jack McArthur*

A city man is approached to take a job far from civilization at a wage which would be envied by a junior executive. His city is in Ontario. The job, too, is in Ontario, but it is 1,000 miles away, across hundreds of lakes, past countless farm fields, beyond towns and cities with a range of industry from steel to doll-making, into an almost endless landscape of rugged rock and tree.

He turns down the job. He isn't lazy or crazy. He's simply choosing carefully among his opportunities.

And the company which wished to hire him isn't surprised at the rejection. It knows that it will have to look hard, talk to many and provide 20th-century comforts in the wilderness, before it gets the men it wants.

A simple story of supply and demand. Yet it, and thousands more like it, form the basis of Ontario's \$29 billion-a-year economy. Only a restless seeking of advantage and affluence by individuals and corporations can build such a level of prosperity.

This story of the man who decides not to seek riches in the wilderness speaks of several things:

Of more than 3,000,000 tough, independent workers, who are ambitious for high income but also insistent upon and able to enjoy the good things of civilized life.

Of the many opportunities facing them and a buoyant feeling that many more are being created every year.

Of corporations and management which can lend reality to ambition, producing goods cheaply enough to compete effectively around the world.



That such isolated yet financially rewarding jobs may be offered also speaks of the wide-ranging way in which the province's economy has been developed—and of new treasures being sought, on the geographical frontier, or in research labs.

And it indicates high capital investment. Of great sums being spent on plant, machinery and maintenance so that each man may be served by much machinery and thus realize his ambitions.

All this—and more—for 7,300,000 people. Canada has more money invested for every citizen than even the United States, and Ontario is the richest of its provinces, with manufacturing shipments running at over \$20 billion a year, more than half the Canadian total. Ontario's steel output alone would be enough to make 7,000,000 automobiles a year; and the province could, if necessary, supply all the world's needs for nickel and uranium.

New investment now runs at more than \$750 per year for every man, woman and child in Ontario, underwriting a rising income which reached \$3,000 per person in 1969.

Yet figures hardly measure the province or do justice to the dreams, ideas and work that have transformed this rambling, 413,000-square-mile area into an economic giant.

Three things are pulling the province into a tightly organized pattern, like magnetic forces rearranging iron filings. They are manufacturing, services and the efficiency of agriculture.

Ontario, once seemingly isolated and out-of-the-way, has in the last 25 years been rediscovered as part of the rich great continent. The St. Lawrence Seaway and the Great Lakes snake along the province's southern border, and the massive markets of the U.S. are next door. Cheap electric power is available from the many rivers, from easy access to coal and from the development of nuclear plants.

The inevitable result has been an immense concentration of manufacturing piled along Ontario's fertile, heavily populated







border with the U.S. This industrial complex has now reached the point at which it grows upon itself. The cycle goes like this: population grows to staff industry resulting in industrial growth to serve the growing population resulting in . . . and so on. This brings a mushrooming effect to secondary manufacturing—the turning out of autos, appliances, drugs, candies and shoes needed by the populace. And the mushroom extends into services, creating again a kind of self-feeding growth.

Yet Ontario's primary industry remains a vital base for all growth. Mining production, led by nickel, copper and iron, has topped \$1 billion a year. And the mining industry is eagerly counting on a forthcoming uranium boom which may make past "rushes" look like ladies' tea parties.

With 80 billion cubic feet of timber available across 165,000 square miles of productive forest land, Ontario's forest industry flourishes. Production of wood pulp reached 3,600,000 tons in 1967, more than most nations turn out. With 25 per cent of Canada's capacity for pulp and paper, Ontario can turn out 2,000,000 tons of newsprint a year—enough to print the New York Times for six years.

Yet it is high and rising farm efficiency which supports our industrial economy and allows four of five Ontarians to live in the city. Instead of absorbing 30 per cent of the population, as an inefficient agriculture might, it employs less than 10 per cent. This small group, operating about 70,000 "serious" full-time farms, produces over \$1.5 billion a year.

In Ontario's agriculture there is strength in diversity. The top cash field crop, for instance, is tobacco, the annual value of which ranges upward from \$110 million a year. Livestock, dairying, grain, fruit and vegetables all are major products.

This pattern of manufacturing and services growth, along with an efficient agriculture, against the background of a semi-developed

northern hinterland, appears to offer the prospect of continued varied expansion.

A lively manufacturing industry obviously can generate its own growth, and substantial U.S. participation helps guarantee the availability of intensive research results. An aggressive and ambitious labor force should mean continuing increases in productivity. Highly competitive resource industries such as mining and pulp and paper offer the hope of economic growth in outlying areas. For example, an orebody estimated to be worth \$2 billion was found only a few years ago near the northern city of Timmins in an area which had long ago been thoroughly examined. A new \$60 million iron mine was opened in 1967 in northwestern Ontario and provided the base for a completely new model community.

This prospect of continued growth is an intangible yet essential element in the economy. It creates optimism. And it is optimism, really, which causes investors and consumers to put well over \$3 billion a year into new construction. It is optimism which stimulates capital expansion. It is optimism that causes consumers to spend buoyantly, for instance, to maintain an average of five appliances for every household in Ontario. This willingness of Ontarians themselves to freely buy new plant capacity, home freezers, cars, houses, is one of two big, boisterous markets which keep producers reaching for new sales.

The other is the export market. Ontario has enjoyed dazzling success in selling autos and parts under the U.S.-Canada auto pact.

Ontario's exports of motor vehicles, largely to the U.S., rose from \$187 million in 1964 to about \$2 billion in 1968. Other major manufactured exports range from aircraft, through optical equipment, farm machinery, steel plate, newsprint and wood pulp to plastics and chemicals. But shouldering these for export room are tobacco, nickel, copper, whiskey, iron ore, meat, cereals. Ontario

could not only fill the dinner plate of the foreign buyer but also provide the before-dinner cocktail and the after-dinner smoke. And, more important, do it at prices which are attractive.

A variety of government programs are designed to aid economic development and exports. They include "forgivable" loans to industry and sponsorship of trade missions—small groups of businessmen headed by a marketing officer which have won international orders worth millions of dollars a year. The province also provides statistical and economic services and trade offices abroad, a vigorous program to attract foreign capital.

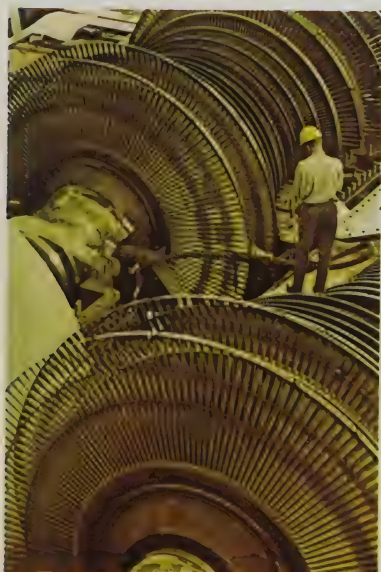
But easily the greatest contribution any government can make to economic growth is simply to pay the necessary bills for education and allied research.

Education is one of the most profitable investments which can be made. Various estimates suggest that money spent on education, aside from its cultural and personal benefits, may yield an economic return of 10 per cent to 20 per cent a year. The nation which builds universities is much more likely to have prosperous industry because it is producing the idea men and staff to ensure its development.

Education costs Ontario more than \$1 billion a year including municipal spending. University enrolment, rising with a speed that threatens to overwhelm the new construction which never ceases, is past 75,000 heading for an estimated 150,000 by 1975. The universities are largely provincially financed.

With its ambition, diversity and restlessness, Ontario is really stronger economically than it knows. It has progressed so rapidly from an isolated, protected economy towards a hustling, competitive society that it must continually alter its thinking about itself. It must always be conscious of the fact that it is much more today than it was just yesterday . . . and tomorrow will be much more still. That dynamism, more than resources or dollar bills, is what is making Ontario a progressive, dynamic and fortunate economy.





# The Rebels Are In Charge

Of Ontario's precedent-shattering schools

*June Callwood*

In a world alarmed, shocked and sometimes encouraged by student unrest, Ontario's schools are unusual—much of the unrest is at the top.

Ontario's flaming revolutionaries of school systems emphasize individual differences, the need to shape education to fit the student rather than the traditional reverse. They advocate abolishing examinations, grades and report cards which stimulate terror and competition and reward only winners. Rather, they'd overhaul the curriculum to make it useful and relevant to a society in wild flux, converting teachers from their former talkative posture of lecturers to a new low-key one of consultants and guides, allowing students to select their own subjects and participate in decisions affecting their schools.

Such startling, anti-establishment views are usually held by young people, who have the energy to be outraged over long periods of time and very little to risk in the process. But Ontario is a curiosity—in this province the revolutionaries are often middle-aged and placed in the highest education posts.

The Deputy Minister of Education, for instance, frequently sounds like a man on the verge of burning down schools that won't change. The head of Ontario's education research recently grumbled that some schools are still 50 years behind the times. The pleasant, tough Minister of Education, William Davis, spends a billion dollars a year on his 5,000 schools—most of the money geared to reform.

Well-tailored, shod and shaved, these officials nevertheless





manage to sound—in public—like the passionate long-haired leaders of a student revolt. They are bent on eroding the continent's century-old tradition of measuring the virtue of young people by the yardstick of obedience, and their academic achievement on the basis of skill at memorizing textbooks.

The walls, literally, are tumbling down. Schools of the future will be built of components that snap together like beads. Ontario's Committee on Aims and Objectives of Education, after an exhaustive three-year study, recommended stripping away all divisions among children—grades, distinctions such as elementary and secondary, separate streams labelled academic, commercial or industrial, and children with disabilities being educated in isolation.

Popularly known as the Hall-Dennis report after the leaders of the committee, the study opened with: "The underlying aim of education is to further man's unending search for the truth. Once he possesses the means to truth, all else is within his grasp . . . this is the key to open all doors."

In Ontario, all doors are beginning to open. Toronto's roughest slum area has a school where no child fails or is strapped. Instead, children come running to it and hug their teachers. The Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, with a staff of 639, has an Afternoon School where three- and four-year-olds from less fortunate families without books or intellectual stimulation get both, in an effort to prepare them better for skill in reading.

Elementary schools all over the province are minor zoos. Classrooms are warm with baby chicks, hamsters, rabbits, budgies, guppies, even snakes. Mothers visit classrooms, bringing babies. Children go out in busloads to museums, parks and factories, while small units of ballet dancers, actors and musicians come to the schools and perform. Learning by inquiry is the philosophy. Some classrooms get a newspaper daily, some have a telephone in the room for quick communication, some are linked by telex

with the community library, some have access to million-dollar resource centres, equipped with such audio-visual aids as tape recorders and film projectors.

In Ontario, there are elementary school children who write novels, and some who, at the age of eight, are speaking and writing in English, French and Russian. One small group of students from a school which happens to be named Argentina *went* to that country in the spring of 1968 and the following year received an exchange visit from Argentine children. And thousands of students in 1,100 Ontario schools are twinned with students in the same number of schools in the Caribbean.

Secondary schools have even more adventurous programs. One principal bundled his graduating class into Indian war canoes and took them on a two-week camping trip, teaching geology, biology, geography, history and how to make a portage en route. So many English teachers in 1967-68 encouraged their students to make films as part of their education that a Student Film Festival was held at the Canadian National Exhibition that summer.

There is also the awareness that education in this space-age, computer-age, scare-age, is continuous and schools no longer are only for children. Ontario's schools hum at night with classes in English and civics for immigrants, classes in fulfilling skills such as flower arranging, ceramics and pottery, up-dating of skills in electronics and mechanics, trades training in upholstery and printing. It was noted not long ago that immigrant males and their children were introduced to Canadian ways by means of the schools, but the wives were staying at home. In the summer of 1968 a pilot project to teach a group of Chinese ladies to speak English and to cope with Canadian household appliances and marketing proved so successful that it spread into the fall program.

While Ontario educationists on one hand are working a transformation on the compulsory schools to make them more flexible,

exciting and kind, there is a problem with non-compulsory schools in keeping up with demand. The province now has 16 degree-granting universities and a vast array of other learning institutions.

Non-university adult education is the biggest explosion in the province. Some students are paid by their employers to go back to school, as an investment in their usefulness; some are supported by government grants; most manage, enterprisingly, by themselves. The scope is astonishing: a famous Canadian actress went back to school in order to become a doctor, and a one-time motorcycle gang leader is now taking a construction foreman course. A valued technician in an oil refinery even went back to school secretly. He had managed to conceal all his life that he couldn't read or write.

The newest addition to Ontario's yeasty education network is the community college—five years ago the province had none and teams of investigators were studying the faults and triumphs of the world's best community colleges: now Ontario has 20 including one snuggled in a supermarket in a shopping plaza. The colleges offer one, two and three year courses in everything, from such technical skills as biochemistry, computers and air traffic control to exotics such as fashion designing, television production and naval architecture. One college has a course on signwriting, and another trains public health inspectors.

With all its jubilant élan for imparting occupations-oriented education, Ontario's school system is also gearing for a future when the major problem of society will not be training for work but adjusting to leisure's chilling challenge: non-work. To endure idleness, experts say, man must have inner resources. Accordingly, schools are promoting the social skills of communication and compassion, the private skills of appreciation for literature and beauty, the transcending skills of confidence and curiosity. It's also part of the education revolution—with the rebels in charge.





# Good Place to Do Business

Just consider these three success stories

*Sonja Sinclair*

"A place to grow" is one of the lines from a song written about Ontario for Expo 67. You'd almost think that line was written with the province's industry in mind. Proof? Consider the three short case histories that follow. They'll tell you more about industry in Ontario than you'd learn in a library of statistics.

Apart from being based in Ontario, the thriving companies in our three stories appear to have little in common. Sinclair Radio Laboratories Ltd. is a private manufacturer of electronic equipment; Noranda Mines Ltd. is a resource-rooted giant; Acres Ltd. is an engineering consulting firm.

Yet for all their disparity in size and pursuit, they do resemble each other:

- All began with a basic skill or resource, later branched out.

- All are dedicated innovators.

- All have successfully tackled foreign markets.

- All have established wholly-owned subsidiaries.

- All are headed by men who reached the presidency remarkably young: George Sinclair of Sinclair Labs, 39; Noranda Mines' Alfred Powis was 37; Norman Simpson of Acres, 42.

- All have contributed to the pushing back of the country's northern frontier: Sinclair Labs by pioneering radio communications; Noranda by transforming wilderness into prosperous mining towns; Acres by establishing the concept of an east-west Mid-Canada Development Corridor.

- All have achieved a rate of growth which makes Ontario look like a mighty good place to do business.





## Sinclair: Radio for Special Tasks

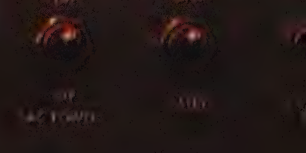
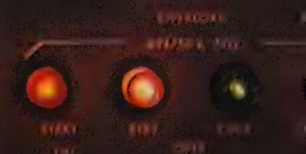
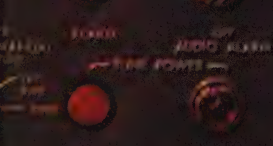
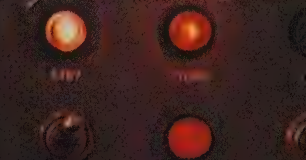
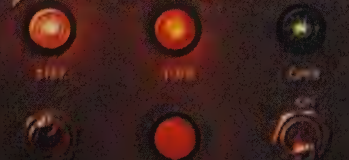
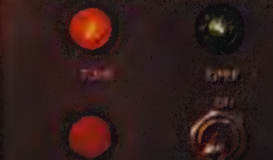
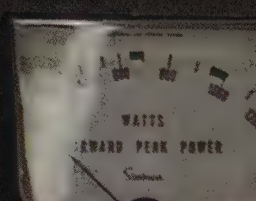
When secret police of an Eastern nation needed a way to conceal radio transmitters in their cars, they pirated on Ontario invention: an antenna mounted inside a rear view mirror. Sinclair Radio Laboratories Ltd. developed the idea for the U.S. government—who paid for it. Today, thousands of antennas masquerade as mirrors on police cars throughout the United States as well as in Ontario.

In the sophisticated, fiercely competitive manufacturing world of electronics, it takes this kind of inventiveness to survive, and a great deal of courage to even get started. Certainly it would have been much easier for engineer George Sinclair to remain at Ohio State University, where he had earned his doctorate and was head of the university's antenna laboratory.

Instead, he decided after the end of World War II that, if he could employ 75 engineers in Ohio, he could do equally well in his native Canada. He accepted a teaching position at the University of Toronto, where he met Peter Yachimec and enlisted his co-operation in some consulting work he was doing on the side. Together they founded a company to manufacture electronic equipment of their own design.

Seventeen years later, Sinclair Radio Laboratories, with branches in Vancouver and Montreal plus a wholly-owned subsidiary in New York State, was employing 120 people, chalking up sales of \$1,500,000, growing at an annual rate of 25 per cent and enjoying a world-wide reputation as a leading expert in two-way radio communications.

For most small companies, the penalty of success is lack of growth capital; not so for Sinclair Radio Laboratories. President Sinclair and general manager Yachimec happily declined all merger and take-over offers, instead financed the company's



ANTENNA 500

ANTENNA 500

ANTENNA 500

phenomenal expansion by ploughing back profits, selling a limited number of shares to friends and employees, and borrowing whenever necessary. Says Yachimec: "The banks never turned us down."

As of now, every Canadian and many American diesel locomotives carry specially designed Sinclair Radio antennas; so do buses, public utility trucks and fire engines. The company has helped bring radio communication to underground mines and Arctic settlements, contributed equipment toward the daily dialogue between the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Interpol in Paris, selected the jack-in-the-box antennas mounted on Canada's Alouette satellites and developed multicouplers (devices which permit many receivers and transmitters to operate from a single antenna) for use on warships.

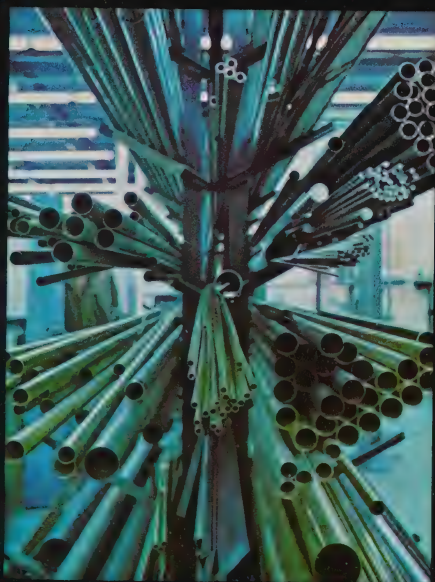
Exports account for some 10 percent of Sinclair's business, excluding the very healthy sales volume of the New York subsidiary and substantial license fees coming in from British and Australian manufacturers. Current contracts will bring income from British royalties alone up to \$250,000 in the 1970s.

Sinclair attributes much of this success to heavy emphasis on research, plus keeping up to date with scientific developments elsewhere.

Add to the formula a little bit of luck and/or foresight: the fact that Canada's geography practically cries out for two-way radio communications, that the rugged climate calls for sturdier equipment than importers can often supply, and that the giant market is not quite large enough to appeal to corporate giants.

But few problems remain to be solved in radio-telephone communications and already, Sinclair Radio Laboratories' researchers are casting around for new applications of their talents. Educational aids, medical electronics, holography (three-dimensional photography utilizing laser beams), and supersonics are all under study. It's a field that's wide open and growing.





## Noranda: Miners With a Difference

"When you go into business," says Noranda Mines president Alfred Powis, "you might as well make a proper job of it."

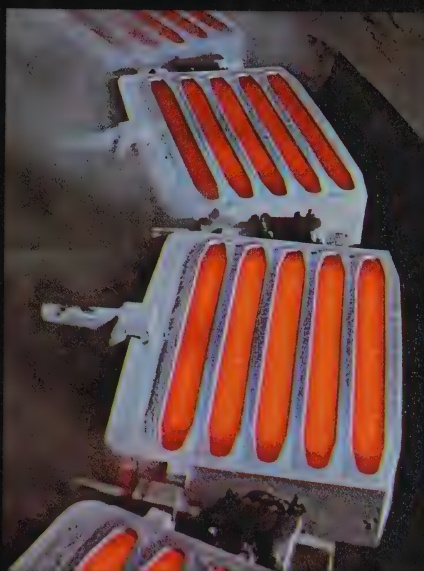
A proper job, in Powis' vocabulary, is making sure that the company's own smelters, concentrators and refineries process the ore you mine and supply the factories you control; it is branching out into new industries to utilize by-products; it is diversifying into lines which threaten to compete with your own; it is utilizing technological and managerial knowhow for investments whose relationship to mining may at times seem remote.

"A proper job," in brief, is total integration under one corporate roof of all processes involved in transforming raw materials into finished products, preferably with a captive market as the final link in the chain.

Variations on the mine-to-market theme have transformed the one-time copper mining company into a giant jigsaw complex of interlocking industries with 52 manufacturing plants on three continents and 21,000 people on the payroll, almost a third of them in Ontario where much recent development is concentrated.

Take copper, Noranda's oldest and, for some time, only product of major significance. Almost from the beginning in the mid-1920s, when the company first set up headquarters in Toronto to manage its northern mining interests, it decided to process its own ore, moved into manufacturing with the acquisition of a large (eventually controlling) interest in Canada Wire and Cable.

Much more recently, Canada Wire and Cable also became a consumer of aluminum, though the quantities were not sufficient to warrant total immersion in a new medium. Noranda solved the dilemma by more than doubling its aluminum requirement with the purchase of a building products manufacturing firm which justified building a \$60 million aluminum reduction plant.





Similarly, when plastics threaten to compete with copper in the lucrative plumbing market, you acquire a few plastic tubing plants of your own.

Yet Noranda executives are sensitive to any suggestion that the character of the company has changed. Basically, they insist, they have remained miners, and they have figures to prove it. The company produces 63 per cent of Canada's copper requirement and 30 per cent of the country's gold and silver output, besides being the world's largest mine producer of zinc and Canada's first major producer of molybdenum. Add uranium, oil exploration, even potash to the list, and it becomes clear that Noranda is still very much a primary resource industry.

Nevertheless, as the president says, "having mined the stuff, you have to be able to sell it." Noranda has demonstrated this ability by tripling sales during a five-year period in the mid-1960s for an average annual increase of almost \$60 million.

At a time when some of Noranda's most bountiful mines are showing signs of exhaustion, much of this phenomenal growth must be attributed to the executive talents of a new generation of management headed by Alfred Powis, who was elected president in 1968 at the age of 37.

An important aspect of the new regime's policy is a determined attack on the United States market by way of a massive build-up of facilities south of the border. A die-casting plant in Detroit, an aluminum smelter in Missouri, a copper fabricating plant in Washington State and a building products manufacturing company in Cleveland are evidence of this trend.

Yet Noranda has resisted repeated invitations to list its stock on the New York exchange, with the result that it remains almost 90 per cent Canadian owned and completely Canadian-managed. President Powis readily admits he takes some pride in this state of affairs: "We'd like to keep it that way."

## Acres: Engineering - New Style

"Total engineering" is not a concept unique to the Acres group of companies. But this Ontario firm proves daily that the concept is profitable as well as philosophically sound.

The need for this broader approach was behind the thinking of nine young Niagara Falls engineers in 1960 when they repatriated the company they worked for from its American owners. Such Canadian initiative took "more nerve than brains," recalls President Norman Simpson, leader of the ginger group. But now it is obvious that their brains were at least equal to their nerve.

The company had started out in the 1920s, founded by a former chief engineer of Ontario's Hydro Electric Power Commission, H. G. Acres. Initially, Acres was hardly known outside central Canada. But, in the industrial boom after World War II, control passed to Fluor Corporation of Los Angeles because of a lack of locally available expansion capital. H. G. Acres & Co. Ltd. prospered in a quiet way until the late 1950s when a widespread business slump lessened its attractiveness to its adoptive parent. Simpson and his colleagues saw their chance, bought the company back, and completely overhauled it for top efficiency, versatility and adaptability to change. Their success has been nothing short of roaring.

The Acres group is now a nationwide family of nine companies with Toronto-based Acres Ltd. at its head. It has forayed across the border to found Acres American Inc. The initial staff of 300 has almost quadrupled since 1960, with revenues now growing by 20 per cent a year. Enterprisingly enough, a fifth of Acres' annual \$10 million worth of business is done overseas.

Much of this business is still concerned with hydro development, including three installations in southeast Asia plus involvement in major Canadian projects from the 7,000,000-kilowatt

Churchill Falls development in Labrador to the Columbia River complex out west. But a major portion of Acres' capability is now devoted to such varied pursuits as the design of a jumbo jet airport in Brazil, new food processing techniques, pollution control, and regional planning for the development of Canada's northland.

For consulting engineers, that may seem a wide range of interests. Acres views engineering not as a watertight discipline but as an exercise in the improvement of the total human environment, so that the success of any project is rightly measured by its overall effect on a region's economy and on the people living there. To hear the Acres people talk, it is not enough, for example, to build an airport; long-term traffic patterns and noise levels must figure in its planning. New power dams should automatically involve consideration of housing and employment alternatives for the people who will be flooded out.

That is why the key phrase at Acres is "conceptual collaboration," the combination of all the specialized skills which enter into the planning, execution and controlled after-effects of a project. The staff thus includes such diverse characters as economists and meteorologists, systems analysts and architects, geologists and financial experts.

The future? Quiet-spoken Acres President Simpson foresees more diversification, even greater technical sophistication—most of the work done by draftsmen will soon be taken over by machines—and "greater government involvement in everything we do." The company plans to assume the role of catalyst in secondary manufacturing development by using its variety of skills to identify promising production areas, match investors with inventors, add market research and technological know-how.

As an Acres promotional film says, "We have found a new style of thinking." Not a modest claim perhaps, but the Acres team have made it true.





# The Seaway—the First 10 Years

Assessing Ontario's link with the Atlantic

*Walter Stewart*

At Lakehead, Ontario, in the heart of the North American continent, an ocean freighter an eighth of a mile long shrugs away from a grain elevator, turns, and begins a lumbering arc across Thunder Bay; she is headed for the Atlantic Ocean, 2,000 miles away, and 602 feet straight down, with a cargo of Canadian wheat for the tables of the world. Her route will take her past the rocky crags and piney ridges of the Canadian wilderness, past the cities of Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor, Hamilton and Toronto, through the narrow waists of canals, through lock and lake and river to the embracing sea. Her route is the St. Lawrence Seaway.

This international inland waterway completed its first decade of service in April, 1969, and in those 10 years carried more than 350 million tons of cargo, welcomed the flags of 30 seafaring nations and helped to enrich and enliven the lot of 61 million Canadians and Americans who inhabit the provinces and states along its flanks. For the 7,300,000 people of Ontario, for instance, the Seaway has meant spectacular growth in shipping activity—for the port of Toronto alone, a 500 per cent increase in overseas consignments—thousands of jobs in construction and operation, a huge power development, and the collateral benefits of the tourist trade, as ship-watchers flock each summer to look-outs provided by the Seaway Authority to see the mighty cargo carriers churn past.

The Seaway has known labor strife and financial turmoil in its brief life-span, and its development problems are far from over, but the project has cut shipping costs, opened the industrial





heartland of the continent to the ocean, and fixed itself firmly in the North American network of trade and travel.

This unique waterway owes its existence to the fact that the Great Lakes are strung across the eastern half of North America like a series of bowls set in the side of a hill, with the top of the hill at the western end of Lake Superior, and the bottom at the sea. The lakes pour into each other and down into the St. Lawrence River with a rush of water averaging 246,000 cubic feet per second, and this flood carries the double potential of hydro development and water transport. As early as 1897, men planned a seaway to tap this double potential, but the necessary international agreement was stalled, first in Canada, then in the U.S., for nearly six decades. Construction began in 1954 and, five years later, Canada had spent \$340 million and the U.S. \$130 million on navigation works. The patchwork series of canals then linking the lakes was deepened and a new channel gouged in the bed of the St. Lawrence. New bridges were built to lift road traffic over the towering masts of ocean vessels and, along the 400-mile stretch from Montreal to Lake Erie, 114 million cubic yards of mud and rock were thrust aside and seven new locks inserted to lift ships up and down the giant stairway from the ocean to the lakes.

The result was a waterway stretching 2,300 miles from the Atlantic Ocean to Duluth, Minn., a distance greater than that from London to Cairo.

To harness the system's power, the Province of Ontario and the State of New York joined in building a massive generating complex in the International Rapids section of the St. Lawrence, near Cornwall, Ont. For Ontario, that power development has been the single most important aspect of the Seaway, a source of pride and potential growth for decades to come.

The gigantic engineering task was undertaken by Ontario Hydro on the Canadian side and the New York State Power

Authority on the U.S. side, each of which invested \$300 million to harness the river. Twin powerhouses, each containing 16 generators and capable of producing more than 9,000,000 kilowatts of electricity, were laid across the riverbed to meet on the international boundary. To provide a power pool upstream, two dams and 16 miles of dyking were built, creating a new lake, 100 miles square and brimming with 28.5 billion cubic feet of water.

On the U.S. side, the flooding affected only 225 farms and 500 cottages, but in Ontario, seven whole villages and part of an eighth were wiped out, and 6,500 people uprooted. At first, the evacuees were apprehensive about the move, but the fairness and generosity with which they were treated soon set most minds at ease. To replace the flooded villages, two new towns—Long Sault and Ingleside—sprang up; the village of Iroquois was moved three-quarters of a mile, and a new subdivision was added to the town of Morrisburg. New homes, churches and stores were provided to replace the old; and for those who did not want new houses, Ontario Hydro undertook to move the old ones. In all, 531 houses were cradled in the arms of giant building-movers and shifted to new locations. In addition, 35 miles of highway and 40 miles of railway were relocated, along with no less than 18 cemeteries. All of this was accomplished in an atmosphere of goodwill and co-operation that was a tribute to both Ontario Hydro and the displaced families.

Today's visitor to Seaway Valley can see the happy result: miles of neat farms stretching away from the new townsites and parklands which overlook the water. Two of the most popular new parts—Crysler's Farm Battlefield, a memorial to one of the rare Canadian-American clashes of arms, in 1812, and Upper Canada Village, a picturesque re-creation of Ontario town life in the 19th century—draw visitors from all over North America.

More important even than the new towns and new parks is

the surge of power now tapped by Ontario in the river, enough to fill the needs of 600,000 homes and swell the industrial muscle of the entire province. This power development alone made all the money, work and anguish seem worthwhile when the Seaway opened for business on April 25, 1959.

Before that opening, the massive, bathtub-shaped "lakers"—a single one of which can carry 28,000 tons of iron ore, or the produce of 50,000 acres of grain—were cut off from the Atlantic by the small canals by-passing the St. Lawrence rapids. These large, efficient carriers were obliged to transship their cargoes at the eastern end of Lake Ontario into smaller, less efficient canallers. At the same time, only small ocean ships, drawing less than 14 feet of water, could penetrate to inland ports, and their capacity was less than one-tenth that of a "laker." The Seaway, with its 27-foot-deep channel, made room for the giants of the sea, and opened inland ports not only to the ore and grain which has always dominated our water transport, but to wine from France and caviar from Russia and transistors from Japan, all carried directly, quickly and cheaply from their ports to ours. At Hamilton, the Seaway brought a million tons of new cargo across the docks every year; at Toronto, a huge sugar refinery sprang up when West Indian sugar became readily accessible; along the Welland Canal, vital link between Lakes Ontario and Erie, everyone, from sailors to ships' chandlers to tourist operators felt the new surge of business.

There were other changes, too. The Seaway is a mighty, computerized machine, and the ships whose wakes wash its banks are complex, efficient and, perhaps, a little dull beside the tough, dirty tubs of yesteryear. Here is one old-timer's comparison:

"We had no radar in those early days and no automatic steering, nothing like that. We sailed by lead, log and luck. I remember a storm in 1913 when 65 ships went down. We rode





it out for 35 hours and made three miles. The captain and I hung onto a wheel as big as this room, hung on for dear life. The captain had one hand on the wheel and the other on the telegraph. Every time her tail came up, he'd order the engines off so's she wouldn't throw her prop when it cleared the water. We were riding empty and the captain said to me, 'Frank, d'you think I should open her bottom and take in water to steady her down?' and I said, 'No, sir, Captain, I think we're going to get all the water we can use right over the side.' We did, too. It wasn't throwing spray over the spars, it was throwing blue water, and sea, those spars were 90 feet up! . . . Today, with better weather forecasts and better equipment, you don't get into a bind like that . . . And did you know, sailors today have TV in their cabins?"

Most sailors would rather have television than a storm to help them pass off-duty time, and the opening of the Seaway showed at once that what had been lost in romance was more than made up in efficiency. In its first year of operation, the waterway carried 7,452 vessels and 21.5 million tons of cargo past Montreal, compared to the 12 million tons that used to pass annually through the old St. Lawrence canals. Since then, the cargo tonnage has climbed steadily, to 48 million tons in 1968.

The future promises still greater things to come. Bigger, better ships, more advanced packaging methods—including the increased use of containerization—a longer shipping season and the experience that leads to faster, cheaper handling of vessels have all increased the Seaway's carrying capacity from the 50 million tons forecast in 1958 to about 65 million tons today. Many experts feel that, with expected improvements to come, the Seaway will one day be capable of handling 80 million tons of cargo per year.

Thus in its first decade, the St. Lawrence Seaway has already proved its worth; the route where voyageurs once paddled furs and rum has become a vital link in the world's transportation system.





# Three Impatient Mythmakers

Their films are cinematic breakthroughs

*Robert Barclay*

The dream of a feature film industry in Canada seems to be breaking through the clouds of frustration at last. There are federal government funds available now, from the Canadian Film Development Corporation formed in 1967, and perhaps the eternal optimism of the country's film-makers will be justified before too many years are past.

The fact is that the film-making talent exists in Canada, as witness the examples of three directors who made their impact recently on the international scene with works conceived and done, in whole or in part, in Ontario. And the facilities exist manyfold, as can be seen by the province's five fully equipped, Hollywood-sized shooting stages, plus 70 per cent of the professionals needed—writers, producers, directors, cameramen, soundmen, as well as several mammoth laboratories and, in Toronto, one of the most dazzlingly equipped sound-dubbing theatres in North America.

Allan King who made the controversial and acclaimed documentary, "Warrendale"; Paul Almond, who directed "Isabel," starring his wife, the internationally famous Geneviève Bujold, and Christopher Chapman, who created the Oscar-winning film, "A Place to Stand," for the Ontario Government Pavilion at Expo 67, are the three directors who help to prove that Canada has the available talent for a full-fledged feature film output.

But until recently, the five large shooting stages available were resounding empty for the most part. They were used mainly for filming television commercials—the backbone of the industry

as it has existed. So model kitchens and simulated recreation rooms were the usual sets in which the fizz of a soft drink, the hiss of a spray deodorant or the hum of an automatic washing machine were the usual sound effects.

Starting off as a support for television production in Canada, film has grown from a \$2,000,000 industry in 1952 to ten times that—three-quarters of it in Ontario. Some of this product has been films for television, but the most has been for those intermission advertisements, to be shown in this country and in the United States.

Canadians make up only five per cent of the world's English-speaking market for feature films, not nearly enough to guarantee a box-office return on the kind of investment a feature entails today (half a million dollars is a low budget). So Canadian filmmakers have mostly gone elsewhere, or sublimated their dreams and energies by making commercials or documentaries, piled up experience and often international awards in these fields, and hoped for the great come-and-get-it-day of government support. That support now has come—but in small dribbles; and it will be years before the net gains can be measured.

Luckily some filmmakers couldn't wait. In Ontario the three men mentioned above—Allan King, Paul Almond and Christopher Chapman—went ahead. And their examples, plus some successful forays by French-Canadian contemporaries in Montreal, have led the way.

Allan King, intelligent, receptive and soft spoken, started his career as a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation television producer in Vancouver. From there he moved into film, and in 1958 he and three friends set up their headquarters in Ibiza in Spain, doing interviews and documentaries for television programs in Canada, the United States and the United Kingdom. After a Leipzig film award for a film the King group made in India called

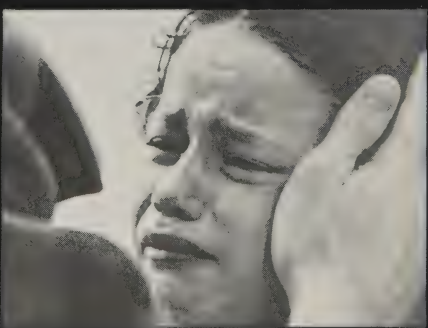
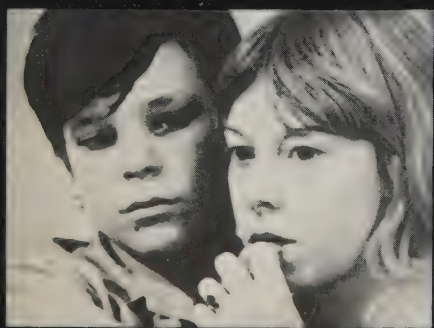
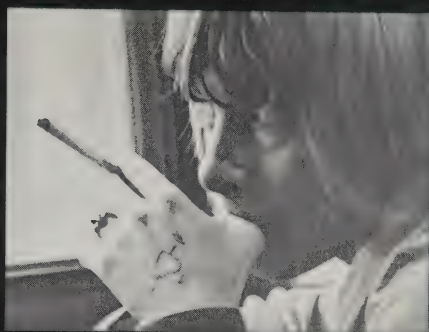
"Rickshaw Boy," it came to be that whenever anybody wanted a sensitive, truthful portrait of any given subject it was natural to go to King.

He doesn't churn his films out. To make "Warrendale," he spent six months living in that Toronto area institution for emotionally disturbed children and another six months carefully editing material into a moving and growing experience. It was rejected for television because of its overly candid scenes. But when he took it into theatres as a feature attraction, the enthusiastic response of his paying audience even got him his money back. "Warrendale" made people aware of Allan King the filmmaker, a man who is after something, the truth. He had a new way of finding it and a new way of showing it, using the documentary film, in his words, "as a kind of non-fiction novel."

In 1968, King took a new approach to the old problem of Canadian distribution. He got together a group of international filmmakers, trained largely on low-budget productions in Canada, to produce a series of inventive documentaries on well-known artists, writers, and personalities. These were shown on half a billion television sets around the world. With financial backing from Canada, the United States, Britain and West Germany. King gave his film makers free rein, and the results range from loosely knit essays in *cinema verité* on U.S. writer Norman Mailer through tightly scripted and humorous spoofs with the Swiss playwright Max Frisch and an abstract and diverting portrait of the English painter Richard Smith. Each film is technically and artistically its own self, the only common feature the credit *Allan King Associates*.

Paul Almond is quite another type. Effervescent and highly articulate, this native of Quebec is remembered in the CBC drama department at Toronto as the one who asked to direct a bad script because good scripts weren't enough of a challenge. Almond be-





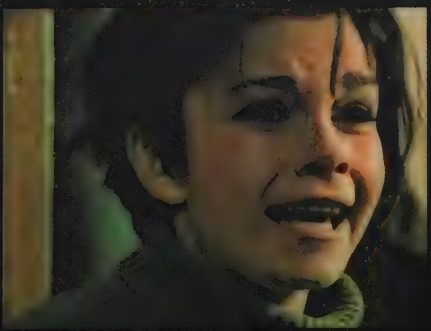
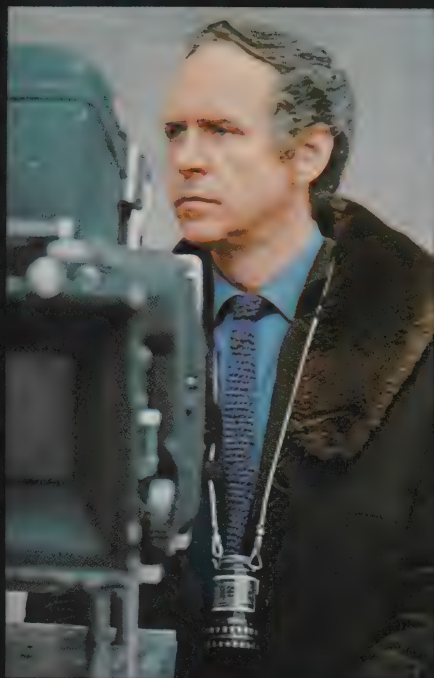
came one of the top TV producers working for the CBC specializing in sensitive and ambitious dramas. When he had mastered every challenge that Canada had to offer, he took off for England and the United States. Though he swam effortlessly in international waters for a couple of years, when he wanted to make his personal film statement, he came home. The story of that venture has all the Cinderella-like qualities of the standard Hollywood product.

It begins in the executive offices of Paramount Pictures in New York the day Charles Bluhdorn took over as president. A dynamic, short-and-to-the-point tycoon, he was already demanding to know why Paramount wasn't making more pictures. When vice presidents nervously offered the explanation that they couldn't find enough good scripts, Bluhdorn snorted that he had just passed a young man in the hall carrying a script.

Enter Paul Almond. Outlining his improbable plans to film a story, which he had written himself, in the Gaspé region of Quebec, he proposed not only to star his wife but to recruit a supporting cast and crew in Canada. Improbably enough, what had been heresy to American producers for years seemed plausible to Bluhdorn, and Almond left the office with a small budget and a distribution guarantee.

Ensuing struggles with unions, the weather and the isolation of the Gaspé coast all but swamped his project but Almond returned to Toronto and completed "Isabel," the first all-color, all-Canadian feature, dreamed up, written and produced in Canada. The authentic atmosphere evoked by the film, the smell of the sea and fermenting apples, coupled with his own sure direction and the strong and skilful performance of his bride—Geneviève Bujold who has starred with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Yves Montand—prompted *Time* magazine to rave: "an eye-spinning shocker that massages the heart while icing down the spine." The Cinderella story was complete.

Different again from Almond and King is Toronto-born

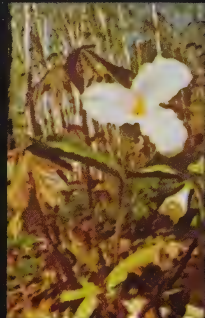
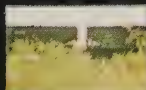




Christopher Chapman—a loner in the tradition of Tom Thomson, the artist who inspired the Group of Seven. Looking at you with an alert, inquisitive glance like a wild creature near the perimeter of its natural habitat, he hasn't lost the strength and tension which has become his trademark since he left his job as a structural display designer and headed into the Ontario wilderness. The cycle of spring, summer, fall and winter which he recorded then became the thread of his first, award-winning film, "The Seasons." The persistence of life and the inevitable rotation of planting and harvest is in the fibre of all his subsequent work. When his film for the Ontario pavilion at Expo 67, "A Place to Stand," won an Academy Award, it drew attention not only to its creator, but very directly to the place he came from.

More than most, Chapman has been able to make his films intensely personal, individual experiences. His method of being writer, director, cameraman, and editor has borne fruit in a number of beautiful films which are profound experiences of his deep and genuine passion for this country. With "A Place to Stand" he approached the Ontario pavilion's huge 66-ft. screen surely. Using his pictures like brush strokes, he laid out and took away images with a steady hand, building up emotional impact with a succession of scenes and associations that didn't require a word spoken. The combination of this breakthrough technical process and his artistic evocation of his native Ontario was a double triumph, unique in the history of world cinema.

In style, temperament and motivation, these three Canadian filmmakers have little in common—except perhaps an environment hitherto nonconducive to the making of films. However, with success like theirs encouraging others, and the federal Canadian Film Development Corporation now boosting cautiously from behind, those hollow stages may yet come alive with the razzle-dazzle from which myths are made.



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editor Jack McArthur explains why Ontario has prospered and why the future looks so expansive.

The generations-old Cottaging tradition is fondly examined by Harry Bruce. The Stratford Shakespearean Festival's story is recounted by Jack Batten. Critic Paul Russell contributes an illustrated analysis of a vigorous new trend in modern Ontario architecture. As for what Ontario is and why, Frank Moritsugu offers an essay filled with facts and insights to make the most modest native glow with a certain pride.

Along with a sum-up of the St. Lawrence Seaway's first decade of operations, an enlightening survey of Ontario's education revolution and a dazzling picture-and-word introduction to the pop-rock phenomenon, there's a progress report on three filmmakers who are breaking new cinematic ground, including Christopher Chapman, creator of Ontario's Academy-Award winning film, "A Place to Stand." And there's much more.

This book about Ontario is edited for the general reader, both in Canada and abroad. It is published in four editions; in French, German and Japanese translations, as well as the original English. The foreign-language editions have been prepared for sale and distribution at Japan's Expo 70.



